

THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

---

MARCH, 1850.

---

ART. I.—*The Tragedy of Galileo Galilei.* By Dr. S. Brown. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

THE name of Samuel Brown will be new to many of our readers. In Scotland, however, as an accomplished and eloquent writer, as a man of vivid and versatile genius, as a coming monarch of science, as an enlightened amateur in art, he is widely known, if not yet as widely appreciated. He seems to us, and to many others, surrounded by rainbows of varied hope; placed in a point, from which radiate out a hundred ways, he seems capable not only of walking in, but of consecrating all, but has never yet fully committed himself to any. The choice of our young Hercules has, perhaps, been made, but ever and anon he seems to falter in the selected path, and to return to his deep and delicate 'stand-point' again.

What we like best about Brown's mind, so far as his literature is concerned, is its exquisite union of some of the British and some of the German elements. What is airiest in the British, and manliest in the German genius, he has managed to appropriate and combine. He does not, on the one hand, ignore and despise the delicate abstractions, the generous enthusiasm, the profound research, the wonderful terminology, so philosophical and ideally correct, that you are reminded of the 'names' things bear in heaven, compared to the gross peradventures of earthly

speech which distinguish the Germans; nor even has he any decided hatred to the more beautiful of their mysticism. But neither has he sold his manly soul entirely to the Egyptians; and, however his friendships may run, we are certain that he in heart, consciously or unconsciously, contemns much of *our* German silver—the self-disguised twaddle meant for simplicity—the low, filthy fog of confused thought, mistaken for the mist of the everlasting hills, the conceited and obscure verbiage trying to be eloquent, the solemn self-satisfied aspect meant to be contemptuous to all schools save their own—the oracular veil flung over nothing—above all, the nauseous sentimentality of feeling, all proclaiming the fury of dulness, and the agonies of *affectation undone*—which are stuffing our periodicals, and ensnaring so many of our fine, though feeble, young writers, male and female. Oh, for a blast from some stern trumpeter to dispel this cloud of falsehood, and by scattering the unreal followers of the greater Germans, to show in truer prominence those who sympathize with their better, but never seek to imitate their worse and weaker, qualities.

The present writer (he will leave his identity to be guessed) has been accused of holding a false position on this question; and the gist of the objection seems to be, that while in his heart he sympathizes with the old, yet, owing to the influence of friends and fashion, he has lent himself more than he should to promote the power of the new. On the other hand, the more tenebrious of the transcendentalists find him shallow, if not entirely naught, that his darkness is not exactly theirs, and that he worships some of their idols—but with different ceremonies and ‘strange fire.’ Now both those parties are wrong. The fact is, he belongs to neither. He admires much that is admirable in both, including their gigantic leaders. He sees much evil in both, and the *ser-vum pecus* in each he cannot endure. He admires an Emerson much, a Carlyle more—a Fichte and a Schiller most of all. But he is not bound, therefore, to accept a Dawson or a Patmore, or the yet feebler creatures of the transcendental school, whom he forbears to name. On the other hand, he likes a manly, direct, demon-like Lockhart; admires all of rich and rare which Macaulay’s mind contains, stamping, meanwhile, his opprobrium upon his heartlessness and contemptuous affectation—and loves to see an old Polyphemus of power and partial blindness, like Croly, planting his foot upon the rock of the past, and saying, ‘Here shall I stand, till the waters reach and drown me—if they can.’ But he is not bound, therefore, to believe in Professor Aytoun, or Robert Montgomery. He would aspire, in short, to a catholic taste, such as Foster and Shelley, in their healthier moments, possessed, and such as is still possessed by Professor Wilson, Mary Howitt, and

by Samuel Brown. But let us, Brown and all, now stand aside, that we may look at the

‘Starry Galileo, with his woes.’

Step forth, thou son of a giant sorrow, springing from the greatness of man's soul and the smallness of his position, the magnitude of his existence and the littleness of his life, the loftiness of his aim and ideal and the lowness of his instrumentality—step forth, that we may look at the subdued lightnings of thine eye, the stoop of thy stature, the *age of genius* visible on thy forehead, and the quiet smile of the assurance of immortality beginning to form itself upon thy lip. Surely, if the old fable were true, that the souls of heroes went to inhabit planets, thy spirit of fire must now be burning in one of the fixed, yet tremulous and ever-moving stars.

Galileo seems to us the most misplacedly magnificent of almost all men. ‘All things were against him.’ His race, his country, his religion—the meagreness of his instrument, the prevalence of a false philosophy, ‘the heavens of which were iron, and the earth brass;’—his age, too, to which he had come like one born out of due time, all hampered his motions, if they could not altogether impede his flight. Homer was, according to tradition, poor, but there is no evidence that he was persecuted—and his poems, as glorifying the religion of his time, were unquestionably popular. Dante's misery too, as Macaulay remarks, ‘came from within’—he was a dark star, and rayed out darkness, but in religion, philosophy, and feeling, he was the man of his own era. Milton at one time rode upon the wave, and even in his decadence and decline he was not openly insulted, but sate peacefully at his cottage door, with eyes rolling in vain to find the day. The religious belief of his age, besides, he respected, coincided in, and covered with a richer mantle than was ever woven in the looms of Ormus. But Galileo outshot his period by the distance of the stars, and the religion and philosophy of his age, united with its baseness and superstition, in revenging the unprecedented stride. Persecuted by the Church, unsupported by the world, with here and there, indeed, a brave young breast for a shield, we never find him broken-hearted, and but once, and for a moment, borne down. We see him, on the contrary, like the hero of ‘Excelsior,’ with a banner in his hand, bearing on it the device ‘*E pur si muove*’ (still it moves), climbing from height to height, stepping from star to star, till lost in the immensity of distance, like an ascending God. Ever thus does the great man arise, like a strain of music which, when highest, suggests least the idea of an upward limit, and which triumphs even in its lowest fall.

Would that some museum were to contain all the first rude shapes of those machines, or instruments, which man has invented. The first spade (earth's telescope), the first plough, the first gun (far-shooting telescope of hell), the first compass, the first press, the first footstool, the first looking-glass, reflecting dimly all the other aboriginal things! What a peep into the past! How strange the peace and harmony subsisting between all those varied, or opposing objects. How silent, yet eloquent, all in their age, those grave parents of such a numerous and bustling diversified offspring! And seen above them all, would appear to the mind's eye, dark or bright, in smiles or frowns, in triumph or in horror at their handy-work—the faces of their inventors. Of all these were they thus collected which would most interest the thoughtful mind? It were, we think, the

‘Optic glass the Tuscan artist holds,  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valderno—’

the first telescope of Galileo, the germ of the Rossian giant, as it again is the germ of future ocean-mirrors of glass or diamond, of which at present we cannot even conceive. For this was the miracle of the human eye repeated and applied entirely to the heavens—this was a plummet thrown down into an ocean which had been thought soundless—this was, say, rather, man's strong hand proceeding to draw the sky nearer, like a curtain, and enabling him to unfold its laws, to predict its revolutions, and to inscribe his sign of triumph upon its remoter regions. Since Galileo lifted his telescope to the moon (not far distant from the period when Luther lifted his German Bible to the Sun of Righteousness), and, perhaps, withdrew it at first in shuddering admiration, how many eyes of men, and of poets, have been raised upwards, and how many tongues of men and poets have been tuned to its praise! Into that ocean of glory, called the midnight heaven, how many bold divers have, from every point of the shore, plunged, and what spoils brought home, here the single pearl of a planet, and here the rich coral of a constellation, and here, again, the convoluted shell of a firmament—besides what all have tended to give us—the hope of fairer treasures, of entire argosies of supersolar spoil, till the word of the poet shall become (approximately) true:—

‘Heaven, hast thou secrets?  
Man unbare me—I have none.’

It is singular that Galileo died in the year (1642) in which Newton was born. It was almost as if the soul of the one had transmigrated into the other, as if Galileo's spirit, spurning the

leadens laws of Italy's faith, and leaving, with a sigh, its golden climate, had sprung unsandalled to the more congenial land of the free, the beautiful, and the brave, where love is divine, where literature and science are holy things, where liberty and law have embraced each other, where virtue is merciful, and where man is man. Certainly the spirit of the one was in harmony with the other, although there were important differences in temperament and genius. Galileo was more the man of genius—Newton the man of talent. Galileo loved science more for its beauty—Newton for its certainty. Galileo was more the observer—Newton the explorer. Galileo saw—Newton felt his way through the vast creation. Galileo began to reveal the largeness of the universe—Newton concerned himself more with its laws. Galileo was more the astronomer—Newton the celestial atomician. Galileo seems to have loved more than the other the shows of the creation, and we can imagine his telescope, trembling as it was, upturned—it mattered little to Newton, latterly, whether the stars were large or small, provided they illustrated principles. The telescope was an ear as well as an eye to Galileo; he heard the spiritual word of the heavens, their sphere music—to Newton it was more a blind line dropped into the abyss. Galileo was a more versatile spirit than Newton—he loved music, drawing, and poetry—Newton loved but one thing—order, and the conditions thereof. Galileo, probably a more heretical, was a more religious man than Newton—Newton was more pious, limited, and cold—his faith here, too, was in law rather than love. We may compare Galileo to Mercury, that burning child of the Sun, returning his smile with kindred warmth—while Newton reminds us of that solitary, snow-bound, stupendous planet, Neptune, scarce recognising the Sun as his lord, while near him the firmaments of all space are richly blazing.

The visit of the young Milton to Galileo in the dungeon was one of those felicitous conjunctions which an indulgent Providence permits at long intervals. It reminds us, at a vast distance—and with reverence be it spoken—of the meeting which took place on the way to Damascus. Surely the stars were propitious which brought together, in one immortal interview, the old and the young moons of the century, to reflect each other's lustre, to look for a moment into each other's eyes, to exchange their gifts.—Milton lending to Galileo his youthful hope, and receiving, in return, the result of Galileo's old experience; and then to travel on, through varied sections of the common night, toward the dawning of eternal fame. From this transient touching of such men, did not a double virtue come out? We have never seen or heard of any painting on

the subject; but it were a theme for the noblest pencil—this meeting of Italy's old savant, and England's young scholar—the grand, grey-haired sage, each wrinkle on his forehead the furrow of a star—and the 'lady of his college,' with Comus curling in his fair locks, and the dream of Eden sleeping on his smooth brow, reverence from the eyes of the one meeting with wonder in those of the other—while the dim twilight of the cell, spotted by the fierce eyes of the officials, seemed the 'age' too late, or too early, on which both had fallen. It was like the meeting of Morning, with her one star and coming day, and of Midnight, with all her melancholy maturity, and hosts of diminished suns. It was like the meeting of two centuries. And were the painter a 'strong spirit,' he might shadow out in this the relation which different stages of progress bear to each other, as well as the sympathy with which the great indifferent spheres and different stages of advancement regard each other.

'E par si muove,' was an audible whisper. And has it not been thus that all new truth has been at first spoken? The heart has, in some unguarded hour, heaved out its conviction—it has been overheard—it has been repeated in praise or in blame—it has been appreciated, misunderstood, attacked, defended—hosts have been gathered, nations convulsed, blood shed—and all because of, and around, this one thrilling whisper of a gifted and honest heart. Magna Charta, the press, habeas corpus, the reformed faith, the telescope, the steam-engine, the missionary cause, are all just the produced, elevated, consolidated whispers of the true and the great. Galileo is but one proof, among the many, of the power which units, when placed on the right side—that of God and truth—exert, sooner or later, over the masses of mankind. As the figure one is to the ciphers, few or many, which range after it—so is the hero, the saint, the poet, the prophet, and the sage, to their species. One man enters, thirty years ago, the western metropolis of Scotland; he sits quietly down in a plain house, in its north-west suburb, and writes sermons, which speedily change his pulpit into a battery, and memorize every sabbath by a moral thunderstorm. Private as pestilence comes another, five years later, into London, and his wild cry, lonely at first as John's in the desert, at last startles the press, the parliament, the court, the country without, the throne within; and it is felt that the one man has conquered the two millions. Nay, was there not, two thousand years ago, from an obscure mount of Galilee, heard a voice, saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?' And has not that voice, though clouded by opposition, choked in blood, crushed under the grave-stone, at length commanded the attention, if not, yet the obedience, of the world? Let no one

say in despair, 'I am but one;' in his unity, as in the unity of a sword, lies his might. If his metal is true, his singleness is strength. He may be multiplied, indeed, but he *cannot be divided*. Minorities, and minorities of one, generally do the real work of mankind.

Such remarks, though general, are not inappropriate in introducing to us the very striking and original drama before us. For, what says the author in his prologue? which we must quote entire, both for its purpose and its exquisite beauty:—

'The starry Galileo, with his woes,  
His last adventure, and his final throes,  
Compose our inauspicious theme to-night.  
Not in the letter merely: it is right  
To tell you that our melancholy story—  
Its joy, its woe, its double shame, its glory—  
Is not Italian only; 'tis humane;  
Begun and done, 'tis just begun again.  
It is the deadly strife of new and old,  
Of truth and error (battle still untold),  
Science and faith, the senses and the soul,  
Self and the race, the portion and the whole,  
The puny wrath of man and grace divine!  
Our tragedy was played, ere twenty-nine,  
The actors, Cain and Abel; 'twill be played  
Full many a wretched time, ere all be said  
The world must learn. Believe me, you are here  
To see the age you live in. Should a tear  
Spring from your hearts to weep the tragic lot  
Of Galileo and his children, waste it not  
On them, for they are shadows; drop it duly  
Upon the digging grave of every truly  
Protesting soul. Nay, mingle it with blood,  
Shed it for man, and make the drop a flood.  
Rivers of tears will never wash away  
Our deep disgrace. Then weep; for well you may—  
Your tears may turn to prayer, your prayer to deed.  
This world's a seedfield, blood and tears the seed.'

Perhaps, however, the gloom of this prologue is somewhat too profound. The victory of the soul is anticipated, but at too great a distance. The strong light is made to rest rather on the fight in the valley of humiliation, than on the Beulah tableland, or the ascent through the gates into the city. Ought not the author to have entitled it, 'The Tragedy and Triumph of Galileo Galilei?' for every true tragedy is a triumph, and Galileo's was successful and multitudinous as Samson's when he died with the Philistines.

Dr. Samuel Brown, in selecting Galileo as the subject of his

tragedy, has done a deed of 'derring-do.' He has chosen a subject which commits him to the highest of tasks—both as a work of literature, and as the poetic picture of an epoch in the history of science. To 'fix volatile Hermes' is nothing to the attempt to resuscitate Galileo. And yet Dr. Brown has wondrously, if not wholly, succeeded in catching on canvas this noble sage—not only in his outward port and visage, but in his inward life—in his dark struggles—his enthusiasm—his irresolute yet determined temperament, like a wave breaking in a moment and in a moment resuming its integrity—and the dignified character of his retreat, like that of a lion before his foes.

He represents him in his recantation before the inquisition, as actuated not by personal and pusillanimous feelings, but by an aftershine of catholicism. He yields not to man, but to a false notion of what God requires; it is the finite fact, bowing before the infinite. Perhaps thus it appeared to his mind, but to us, on reflection, it was the great mind in the individual bending, in the stress of its agonized uncertainty, before the settled formula; the strange agony produced by this war of contradictions in Galileo's being, and not the death of the sufferer, is the true tragedy of the play; just as Lear's madness, not his death; Othello's suspicion, not his suicide; Macbeth's remorse, not his fall before the sword of Macduff; is the tragedy of each of those dramas. Death is just the word '*finis*' inserted to mark the close of what is finished already.

In point of execution, this tragedy may be said to contain many exquisite touches, and to show the germ of great dramatic power; but also, to want that roundness of contour and richness of colouring, which might have been expected, and which Dr. Brown could have easily given it. It is less a successful achievement, than a dexterous, brilliant, half-finished experiment, in which he has not burnt his fingers; although, he has not been able, as yet, to 'carry a fire in his hand.' Its power is in parts, its weakness is in the whole effect. It is neither a rich nor strong, but it is a subtle and a beautiful play. It has been fiercely abused by prosaists for wanting poetry; and lavishly praised by play-wrights for possessing it; but the truth is, the author's poetic vein has been severely restrained, and his strength has been devoted to the management of the incidents, and the development of the characters.

In the former of those objects, he has not, we think, been eminently successful. In seeking after the inner thread of typical meaning, he has sometimes dropped the outer thread of interest. Short as the play is, it produces on some the effect of tedium; clear as it is in all its details, it is in its whole result and bearing rather obscure. 'Marvellous' is a light which

shines out of darkness, but more marvellous a darkness which is compounded out of light. The play, in short, consists of a succession of abrupt and unexpected leaps from point to point of the story, rather than a calm, connected, and cumulative *dramatic* narration. Drama can never, indeed, be a mere regular narrative, but the junction of its parts should be as visible as their separation; there should be a composition as well as a resolution of forces, in its mechanical structure.

The characters, on the other hand, are admirably discriminated, although, with the exception of Galileo himself, and, perhaps, Marina his daughter, they are all faint—while distinct; resembling shadows traced in moonlight, not bulking and blackening in a summer sun. Here, too, there is more of subtlety than strength of beauty, than of wealth. Friar John is not a very natural creation; such a being there may exist, but monstrosities even in nature are not the proper material for the dramatic muse; his love and his hatred, his quarrel and his reconciliation with Galileo, seem to us alike capricious, inconsistent, and inhuman. The other characters command your attention while they act and speak; but their farewell hands leave no trace and no tingle upon yours as they retire.

A critic in the 'Athenæum,' who wishes to be very profound (*invita Minerva*), tries to find out some recondite meaning in the last scene of the play. Let him rely on it, Dr. Brown intended no such thing; whatever moral there is in this drama belongs to it all, and has not been elaborately forced out into any one protuberant part; to use the language of the Scottish pulpit—a moral in a drama should always be an *inference* succeeding the whole sermon, and not a separate and protruded *particular* in its course. Diction, though a subordinate, is a distinct and influential quality in a drama; Dr. Brown, we think, has in his language, from an undue fear of the turgid, fallen into the opposite extreme, and become colloquial rather than conversational. Hence, his occasional bursts of eloquence and poetry, while true and magnificently wrought up, are awkwardly set and relieved against the surrounding simplicity; they hang 'like pearls upon an Ethiop's ear.' The comic part of the play, without being bad, is not felicitous. Earnestness of passion in the two lovers, and earnestness of scientific enthusiasm in Galileo, are the two main elements in the drama, and are not made to blend harmoniously with the revelry of Jacopo, or the wild riot of the Lazzaroni.

The beauty of this extraordinary FIRST play lies, then, partly in its masterly development of the character of the Italian's age; partly in the fond, yet ideal, love of Agostino Reni and Marina; and partly in the eloquence, felicity, and fervour of some of

the individual passages. We quote two as characteristic specimens:—

‘ Brilliant the life my honoured father weaves ;  
 Fit wedding-garment for the feast to come.  
 His daughter ne’ertheless, (although thy bride,  
 My friend,) had rather share the poet’s lot ;  
 The humble-minded poet’s, and be wooed  
 By sun and moon and all the world contains !—  
 Soft-singing streams, and secret-keeping stones,  
 Resistless waves which yet can murmuring break,  
 Impetuous winds which sometimes whisper low,  
 Thunders like demon-lions with their mates,  
 Imperial mountains all so proud and cold  
 The fertile rivers leave them and come down,  
 Love-breathing trees, fish of the moon-struck sea,  
 Fowls of the sun-mad air, the motley tribes  
 That trust the plain or court the witching shade,  
 Dejected forms from Paradise, in fine ;  
 AND ALL THESE SHOWS PREFIGURE IN THE SOUL.’  
 —Pp. 34, 35.

---

‘ SCENE V.—*Florence: The City Gardens, Jupiter and his satellites visible.*

*The DUKE, the PRINCESS, the CARDINAL, Courtiers, BELLANI, on one side the Telescope ; GALILEO, MARINA, AGOSTINO, on the other ; JACOPO beside the instrument ; the FRIAR apart ; Sentinels with torches behind.*

THE DUKE.

Now, great explorer, we’ve beheld the stars  
 Which bear our name and publish it on high,  
 (An homage we accept, accept our thanks)  
 Unlink the chain of burnished gold they gem.  
 Vast nature seems a coil of giant beads,  
 And these pale planets pearls.

THE PRINCESS.

Discoverer, yes !  
 Unfold this sable robe of stars, wherewith  
 Strange night doth drape her lineaments unseen.  
 I long like her to know thine inmost mind.

THE CARDINAL.

In brief, explain your system of the world.

THE DUKE.

How was that gorgeous banner e’er unfurled ?

THE PRINCESS.

Whence were those blazing orbits ever hurled ?

## GALILEO.

Prince cardinal, fair princess, royal duke !  
 The sun illumines our antipodes.  
 His vastitude, wrapped round with fiery steam,  
 (A fiercer shirt than ever Nessus wore)  
 Stands like a king among his courtiers sleek ;  
 Mercury, Venus, Mars, our Earth, and Juno,  
 This Jupiter, Saturnus—and another :  
 Each in his place about the touchless throne,  
 Each at the distance measured by his rank,  
 Proceeding ceaseless round the monarch mild,  
 For mild he is, although he brooks not Nay.  
 Some of those barons wear their knights in turn.  
 The blaze of Mars and Venus hide their trains ;  
 Dear Earth is tended by her maid the moon ;  
 Old Saturn's girdled by a thick-set host,  
 Ringing him round as if he would rebel ;  
 Jove carries four, and three you've seen to-night.  
 Usurper once of Greek and Roman fame,  
 He now inclines before the sacred star  
 Our Sun of Grace has chosen for his sign.  
 Shorn of his thund'rous glories, he retains—  
 Only these Medici !

Pp. 46, 47.

Altogether, this 'Galileo' is a brilliant rag, torn from and floating before the advanced tri-colour, and lofty march, of our 'Napoleon of Science,' as some of his friends have enthusiastically called him ; be it only a fragment, it is the fragment of the great. It is easy distinguishing between a rude lump of rock and the splinter of a statue. 'Galileo' must live partly from its own vitality, and partly as a specimen of the 'games' in which Titans employ their leisure ; for we learn from the dedication, that it was written in a country lodging, on a sofa, and while the author was recovering from a sprain. And after Samuel Brown has completed those daring researches into the inmost secrets of nature, in which he is engaged, and established a name, perhaps, only second to Galileo's own, it will not then be thought so wonderful, as it appears now, that this exquisite and original drama has on many minds produced disappointment.

ART. II.—*The London Prisons: with an Account of the more Distinguished Persons confined in them: to which is added, A Description of the chief Provincial Prisons.* By Hepworth Dixon. London: Jackson and Walford. 1850.

AMONG the unsolved problems in the science of human nature there is none more remarkable than crime. What is its genesis? Can it be extirpated from society? What are the institutions which foster it? Under what forms of civil polity does it become most rare? These are a few of the subsidiary questions, connected, more or less intimately, with the theory of crime, which, up to this moment, is grossly imperfect—its inherent difficulties having baffled the researches of philosophers and statesmen.

It is by no means Mr. Dixon's object, in his work on prisons, to discuss the metaphysics of this subject; but rather, the manner in which it is dealt with by society. In all communities of men there are certain rules laid down for regulating the actions of the entire body of the citizens, and the infringing of any of these rules is a crime. Where great wisdom and humanity have presided over the formation of the rules, experience teaches us they are least frequently transgressed; and if the founders of communities were possessed of perfect wisdom and humanity, it may, perhaps, be affirmed that they would never be transgressed at all. It consequently follows that criminals are, in some sort, made by the community to which they belong, which, though it cannot enable us to dispense with punishment, should, at least, induce us to inflict it reluctantly, and with all possible attention to the claims of humanity.

Not, at present, to extend our views beyond the limits of the British empire, we may inquire what have we done towards the prevention of crime? The answer—if in conformity with truth—would, we regret to say, be, scarcely anything. With us nearly all crime arises out of the defective distribution of property. Some of our citizens have too much; others have too little; and the blind and instinctive struggle to produce something like an equilibrium, leads incessantly to the transgression of the law. Many writers—and Mr. Dixon among the number—seem to be of opinion that ignorance is the sole parent of crime; in which case education is the proper remedy. But, according to our view of the matter, we must look at some things anterior to ignorance—to poverty in the first place, and next to the injustice

which originally gave birth to it. In an enlarged philosophical sense, crime is an irregular exertion of energy—to right some wrong previously existing—to combat injustice by injustice—to resist oppressive influences by violent and illegitimate means.

If this be true, crime is not the offspring of ignorance alone, unless we go back to that primitive ignorance which marred civil society in its framing—for this would be to congregate all the defects of nature, and cast them into one category.

Our present object, however, is not to investigate the origin of crime, but to throw a hasty glance on some of the means adopted in this country for punishing it, or for reforming those by whom it is habitually perpetrated. Mr. Dixon, in his work on the 'London Prisons,' has gone over the ground before us, and his views are, in general, remarkable for their comprehensiveness and accuracy. He displays throughout a large grasp of mind, a rare capacity for investigation, boldness, vigour, and, above and before all things, an enlightened sympathy with those who suffer—from whatever cause. His work, therefore, cannot fail to prove highly useful to all who may be engaged in prosecuting inquiries into the defects and imperfections of our social system. He is precisely the sort of man to deal with such topics, for he knows how to treat them properly—that is, how to awaken and keep alive curiosity in his readers; how to scatter pregnant suggestions as he goes along, and how to generate a mysterious apprehension that crime is gnawing away the very platform on which society reposes; which may, therefore, if care be not taken in time, be unawares plunged into an abyss from which there can be no escape.

It would be beside our purpose to follow Mr. Dixon through all his speculations and descriptions, which those of our readers who take any interest in the subject will do for themselves. We must confine ourselves to a few points, on some of which we agree with Mr. Dixon, though we differ from him on others. For example, he adopts Beccaria's notion—'that the offender who breaks the law, does a certain amount of injury to society—the value of which may be estimated and expressed by figures.' Nothing can be more unphilosophical. An act of injustice has almost infinite ramifications, and operates in a variety of ways, and to an extent of which no estimate can be made. In the first place, the criminal himself is corrupted by it, and withdraws from the ranks of honest men, to range himself among their antagonists. He owes service to society—he renders it disservice; he owes his neighbours a good example—he gives them a bad one; if he has parents, or children, or wife, or friends, he disgraces them; he lowers their position in life; he darkens their prospects; he exposes them to suspicion, to insult, to infamy, and possibly

creates for them the necessity of becoming malefactors like himself. Now who can estimate these things, or express them by figures? The watch or the apple is a small matter. It is in the disposition to commit theft that the evil lies, for when a man has once passed the Rubicon, the slope towards total depravity is easy.

Mr. Dixon's views on the reformation of criminals are, in general, sound, as he steers a middle course between extreme severity and the system of pampering criminals by extravagant lenity and indulgence. The object of punishment is twofold; first, to protect society from injustice; secondly, to restore the guilty person, as far as possible, to the position from which he has fallen. Or, the whole may be summed up in one phrase, by saying that punishment is an attempt to right a wrong that has been done.

Of course communities will set about this work more or less judiciously, according to the ideas they possess of right and wrong. In nearly all parts of the world, law is extremely defective, education imperfect, justice coarsely administered, government oppressive, ignorance rife among all classes; what can be expected, therefore, but that, in the attempt to punish crime, other crimes should frequently be committed? But it is by no means desirable to perplex the conscience of society on this matter, as Mr. Dixon appears to do on the subject of transportation. He is inimical to the system hitherto pursued, for which he would be glad to see a better substituted; but in discussing the question, he appears to insinuate that we have no right to locate our offenders in the distant provinces of the empire.

Into this error he has probably been betrayed by the habit—too common among our political writers—of regarding colonies as infant communities, in which society is formed of different materials from those of which it consists in the mother country. If we would form correct ideas, however, we must totally emancipate ourselves from the thralldom of this theory. We must regard the British empire as one aggregate, and the British nation as another, and inquire simply what is best for the whole. If, therefore, we regard society in the British empire as one, we must concede to it an equal right over all its territories, and admit that it is justified in selecting, as the scene of punishment, any portion whatever of the empire which, after mature deliberation, it shall determine to be most conducive to the interest and welfare of the whole community. To argue otherwise, would be to reject the fundamental laws on which society must always be based. It is to no purpose to say that the Cape, or this or that district of Australia, objects to receive convicts. Their objections may be well founded, or they may be frivolous; but, if a majority of the nation think differently from them, it is just

that their objections should be overruled—that they should be compelled to submit to the influence of those laws which are necessary to our welfare as a people. As to what abstractedly is best in itself, we make no pretension to decide; but if a majority of the British people think proper to concentrate all the crime of this empire in Lancashire or Middlesex, or Canada, or Australia, or the Cape, they have a right to do so; and, what is more, that right must, sooner or later, be acknowledged by all who admit justice to be the great basis of government.

It is on these points, chiefly, that we differ from Mr. Dixon, though there are, perhaps, others, of minor importance, on which our opinions would be found to be equally at variance with his. But this does not prevent us from attaching much value to his work, which is pervaded throughout by enlightened sentiments of humanity, and based on extensive experience. In the administration of punishment, we would adopt, with him, Captain Maconochie's system, in substituting a given amount of labour for a period of time. On this part of the subject Mr. Dixon's remarks are extremely judicious.

Nothing can be more disheartening, or more strongly tend to prevent reformation, than the consciousness that, during a given period of time, nothing can reverse or greatly mitigate the offender's fate. If transported for fourteen years, during fourteen years he must continue to be cut off from society; whether he repent of his crime or not, and whether or not he labour to make up for it, as far as possible, to the community. He may wish to substitute industrious for idle habits; he may desire to earn his bread honestly; he may repent him sincerely of his evil ways, and seek to efface, by tears of repentance, the traces of his former guilt. The time-sentence cannot be shortened. He has been transported for fourteen years, and, until their expiration, he must continue to toil on hopelessly, whatever may be the improvement in his character.

Change this sentence into a given amount of labour, and you at once supply the offender with a motive for exertion. He now perceives that the act of emancipation depends upon himself; and if there be any force in his mind, any moral courage left him, he will devote all his energies to the recovery of his freedom; and by so doing, almost inevitably acquire habits of patient industry, self-control, and some portions at least of those other virtues which go to make up the character of an useful citizen.

But previous to all suggestions for the future, we should suffer our eyes to be opened to the present state of things, which we may do by patiently acquainting ourselves with the contents of Mr. Dixon's work. Formerly, as most persons are

probably aware, prisons were merely regarded as a means of delivering society from a set of turbulent persons whom it knew not how to deal with out of doors. They were placed out of sight, and there, it was hoped, would be an end of them. Society was unconscious of being, in many cases, responsible for their ill conduct—of having corrupted and degraded them—or else, in too many instances, of being itself actually the offender. Thus, when men were imprisoned for convenience's sake, justice and virtue were on their side, while society was steeping itself to the eyes in guilt. To be convinced of this, let any one read the section of Mr. Dixon's work devoted to the history of the Tower. There he will see a long list of patriots and martyrs to civil and religious liberty incarcerated by tyranny, and wearing away their glorious lives in hopeless imprisonment, in damp and dreary dungeons, on whose walls we in some cases find the only record remaining of their trials and sufferings. But the Tower belongs exclusively to the past—civilization has rendered it unnecessary—and, whether we will acknowledge it or not, has made us blush deeply for the infamies perpetrated within its walls during so many centuries of ignorant and barbarous oppression.

Our attention must be confined to some slight illustrations of the prison system at present existing. Compared with that which diffused desolation and barbarism among our ancestors, it may, doubtless, be said to be greatly improved, and to display a superior spirit of humanity. But, if so, what must our ancestors have been? Not a single edifice appropriated to the pariahs of our highly artificial system of society is free from gross abuses which, with Mr. Dixon, we attribute almost entirely to the exclusion of the public. The country can scarcely be said to tolerate that of which it knows nothing. Its culpability is in its apathy, because knowledge is always within the reach of inquiry; for which reason, where the interests of mankind are at stake, it is criminal not to know.

The difficulties, however, which beset the path of those who would examine the working of our gaol system, are neither slight nor few. 'There is one reason,' says Mr. Dixon, 'why so little is popularly known respecting the London prisons, to which attention ought to be drawn—the difficulty in obtaining access to them. In the case of the national prisons—such as Millbank, Pentonville, the Hulks, Parkhurst, and the Queen's Prison—it is necessary to obtain a warrant from the Secretary of State; in the case of the city or county prisons—such as Newgate, and Giltspur-street Compter, or Coldbath-fields and Horsemonger-lane—the visitor must get an order from a magistrate of the city or county who happens to be for the time a visiting

justice; and for every distinct visit a distinct order must be presented.'

Still, by perseverance, access may be obtained to all our prisons, which, to the thoughtful and humane, appear like so many sections of Pandemonium. Certainly the art of governing men is still in its infancy. Our institutions are defective and corrupt; so that while securing opulence and tranquillity to some, their operation seems inevitably to throw thousands beyond the pale of civilization. To deviate, in the slightest degree, to the right or to the left, from the track traced by the law, subjects men to the loss of liberty; or, in other words, makes them slaves. We pride ourselves on having abolished the institution of servitude, while tens of thousands, in the very worst condition to which that institution reduces men, exist around us on all sides. To kill a pheasant or a hare is, among certain classes, to forfeit the most cherished rights of man for a given period of time, if not for ever; while there are infractions of certain laws of society, not based on any just principles, which makes a man a slave for life. It is to describe the state of these men, who have lost their liberty, that Mr. Dixon has devoted the present work, which opens up endless scenes of suffering and sorrow, of oppression and wrong, of barbarous and revolting cruelty, existing in the midst of our Christian civilization.

Numerous examples, described at length, are by no means necessary to make good our assertion, or to illustrate what we mean. It will be sufficient to select a few, which will probably induce our readers to consult the volume itself.

'The cell in Giltspur-street Compter is little more than half the size of the model cell in Pentonville, and is either not ventilated at all, or is ventilated very imperfectly. I have measured it, and know exactly the quantity of air which it will hold, and have no doubt but that it contains less than any human being ought to breathe in the course of a night. Well, in this cell, in which there is hardly room for them to lie down, I have seen *five* persons locked up at four o'clock in the day, to be there confined in darkness, in idleness, to pass all those hours, to do all the offices of nature, not merely in each other's presence, but crushed by the narrowness of their den into a state of filthy contact, which brute beasts would have resisted to the last gasp of life. Think of these five wretched beings—men with souls, and gifted with human reason, condemned day by day to pass in this unutterably loathsome manner two-thirds of their time. Can we wonder if these men come out of prison, after three or four months of such treatment, prepared to commit the most revolting crimes?'

We shall next select a passage, which may serve to show on what imperfect principles of justice and morality our penal establishments are conducted. It is one of the boasts of our law, that

every man is presumed to be innocent till he has been proved to be guilty ; and yet, in spite of this generous presumption, we treat accused persons, in many respects, exactly as if they had been condemned :—

‘In many of the female wards (of Newgate) may be seen, a week before the sessions, a collection of persons, of every shade of guilt, and some who are innocent. I remember one case particularly. A servant girl, of about sixteen, a fresh-looking, healthy creature, recently up from the country, was charged by her mistress with stealing a brooch ; she was in the same room—lived all day, slept all night—with the most abandoned of her sex. They were left alone, they had no work to do, no books (except a few tracts, for which they had no taste) to read. The whole day was spent, as is usual in such prisons, in telling stories,—the gross and guilty stories of their own lives. There is no form of wickedness, no aspect of vice, with which the poor creature’s mind would not be compelled to grow familiar in the few weeks she passed in Newgate awaiting trial. When the day came, the evidence against her was found to be the lamest in the world, and she was at once acquitted. That she entered Newgate innocent I have no doubt, but who shall answer for the state in which she left it ?’

One of the saddest instances of the natural results produced by solitary confinement in dark cells, is given in the account of Millbank prison. It requires some stretch of the imagination to realize all the horrors of this brief narrative, which, through a narrow chink as it were, throws open to us a whole world of agony and endurance :—

‘The dark cells of Millbank are fearful places, and sometimes melancholy mistakes are made in committing persons to them. You descend about twenty steps from the ground-floor into a very dark passage, leading into a corridor, on one side of which the cells—small, dark, ill ventilated, and doubly barred—are ranged. No glimpse of day ever comes into this fearful place. The offender is locked up for three days, and fed on bread and water only. There is only a board to sleep on, and the only furniture of the cell is a water-closet. On a former visit to Millbank, some months ago, I was told there was a person in one of these cells. “He is touched, poor fellow,” said the warder, “in his intellects. But his madness was very mild. He wished to fraternize with the other prisoners ; declared that all mankind are brethren ; sang hymns when told to be silent ; and when reprimanded for taking these unwarranted liberties, declared that he was the governor.” They said he *pretended* to be mad, which, seeing that his vagaries subjected him to continual punishments, and procured him no advantages, was very likely ! They put him into darkness to enlighten his understanding, and alone, to teach him how unbrotherly men are. Poor wretch ! He was frightened with his solitude, and howled fearfully. I shall never forget his wail as we passed the door of his horrid dungeon. The tones were quite unearthly, and caused an involuntary shudder. On hearing footsteps, he evidently thought they were coming to release

him. While we remained in the corridor, he did not cease to shout and implore most lamentably for freedom; when he heard us retreating, his voice rose into a yell; and when the fall of the heavy bolts told him that we were gone, he gave a shriek of horror, agony, and despair, which ran through the pentagon, and can never be forgotten. God grant that I may never hear such sounds again! On coming again, after three or four months' absence, to this part of the prison, the inquiry reluctantly arose, "What has become of the man who *pretended* to be mad?" The answer was, "Oh, he went mad, and was sent off to Bedlam!"

In the passage we shall next lay before our readers, there are several points which must awaken deep reflection; on some we agree with the writer, on others we differ from him. Far be it from us to teach that there is in certain men a natural organization leading them irresistibly into guilt, which would be mere fatalism; yet in whatever way we may account for it, the fact cannot be questioned, that the organic structure of some men is extremely inferior to that of some others, no less in regard to the head and countenance, than to the symmetry and proportions of the form.

We have seen in different parts of the continent—in a large prison near Caen, on the Monte St. Michel, in Switzerland, and in Tuscany—large masses of criminals, of the most hardened and atrocious description, highway robbers, burglars, assassins, murderers; and though it would be correct to say that there was a certain expression common to them all, yet there was a most striking difference of features. There is, in fact, no connexion between ugliness and crime, so that many of the worst criminals known to history have been *extremely* handsome, in some cases even beautiful. Instances may not have fallen within Mr. Dixon's experience, though considerable; but the experience of ages warrants us in maintaining that except the expression, which cannot of itself constitute ugliness, there is no necessary connexion between a guilty mind and an ill-shaped head or countenance; nevertheless, it may be admitted, that in a majority of cases habitual malefactors have a repulsive aspect, and seem, at least, to possess an inferior organization.

There is a certain monotony and family likeness in the criminal countenance, which is at once repulsive and interesting; repulsive, from its rugged outlines, its brutal expression, its physical deformity,—interesting, from the mere fact of that commonness of outward character. The expression and the structure and style of features being so unnaturally alike, as to suggest that there must be a common cause at work to produce upon these faces so remarkable a result, what is this cause? Is it mere habit of life? Intellectual pursuits, it is well known, affect the character, even the material form, of the face; why

not criminal pursuits? No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together without being struck with the sameness of their appearance. Ugliness has some intimate connexion with crime. No doubt, the excitement, the danger, the alternate penalties, and excesses attached to the career of the criminal, make him ugly. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison; and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood. Well-formed heads, round and massive, denoting intellectual power, may be seen occasionally in the gaol; but a pleasing, well-formed face, never. What does this ugliness of the prison population indicate? This—that the habit of crime becomes, in a few years, a fixed organism, which finds expression even in the external form. And is not such a fact full of morals? Does not every one feel how important it is, in the interests of society, in the interests of the criminal himself, that he should be dealt with in the earliest stage of his crime, before the evil that is in him has had time to fix itself in the organization, to grow fast in the ever-hardening granite: the ugly face which appals in the prison, is only the image of the uglier mind underneath. It is the consciousness of this fact that saves us from feeling mere disgust. The animal that is before us may be repulsive, but we cannot lose our interest in the immortal soul which resides in its frame.'

From the passages we have extracted it will be seen that, although the subject be sombre and repulsive in itself, Mr. Dixon, by the exertion of remarkable abilities, has known how to divest it of its disagreeable character, and to render it deeply interesting. Prison discipline in itself is of very limited importance, but taken in connexion with all those moral questions, with which it is incidentally linked, it passes into a totally different category. Much must always depend on the manner of treating it, and Mr. Dixon fortunately has a manner at once popular and philosophical. His style is somewhat ambitious, and occasionally laboured, but there is vigour and variety in it. It is, and ought to be, sparing in figures, though in other respects rhetorical. Its great merit, however, is to be impregnated by the subject. It is serious, thoughtful, and animated, and sufficiently flexible to embrace all forms of description.

After what has been said, it is needless to recommend the volume; it is full of important information, and that, too, of a sort possessed by very few. Prisons have been little studied, and will never be thoroughly understood till the public at large take sufficient interest in them to insist upon their being made accessible, under proper regulations, to every one. Mr. Dixon's work will excite discussion on this part of the subject, and assist materially in producing the result, which, in common with the author, we think so much to be desired.

ART. III.—*Histoire Morale des Femmes.* Par Ernest Legouvé. Paris. 1849.

HERE we have yet another work on a subject so deeply important to society, that its inherent interest keeps it still unhackneyed, in spite of the thousand discussions of which it has already formed the text. An inquiry into woman's social position and capacities, is, in truth, no other than the first step towards ameliorating the condition, not, as it might seem, of half, but more indirectly, though not less surely, of the *whole* human race. Assuredly, the question is momentous enough to command the attention of all.

Let us not, however, be mistaken. We disclaim, at the very outset, all sympathy whatever with the Utopias of certain modern theorists, who, to the grief of the more rational advocates of woman's cause, can find no better means of raising her to a social equality with man, than vainly attempting to assimilate her nature to his, and thereby degrading instead of enfranchising her. We must also premise, before proceeding to give some account of the work before us, that M. Legouvé has sketched the phases of woman's social existence *exclusively* as they appear in France, and that the conclusions he deduces from them are, in strictness, applicable only to the improvement of the position of his own countrywomen. But though it be doubtless true, that the picture if compared with that of our own domestic life, appears unlike in some of its minor features, still there are broad and unmistakeable traits of resemblance between them, which warn us of sufferings and humiliations, errors and deficiencies, nearer home, resembling in nature, though differing in detail from, those treated of by the French author.

We are aware, that many of our readers will be inclined to deny the necessity for any change either in the social position of woman, or in the preparation which is to fit her for it. With regard to her education, they tell us, that it has already been enlarged to a perilous extent. A wife, say they, can hardly pay due attention to her husband's comfort, or the welfare of her children, while her head is, perhaps, filled with the abstruse calculations of astronomy; and the difficulties of experimental chemistry, we are told, less befit the mother of a family than the homely cares of her own kitchen and store-room. Nor are we by any means inclined to underrate the force of such objections. We think with M. Legouvé, that the title of mistress of a family, or, in yet homelier phrase, of *femme de ménage* (housekeeper),

confers real sovereignty on her who wears it worthily ; but we would suggest to those most strongly impressed with the paramount and exclusive claims of these cares, that there are years of early womanhood to be passed, when the mere mechanical drudgery of education may be supposed to have ended, yet before the sacred duties of married life have commenced.

This transition state is the most dangerous phase of woman's whole existence, and imperatively requires the severe influences of habitual mental exercise to guard her against herself. Her imagination is just then in the springtide of its force and activity ; her affections are ready to overflow at a word ; her aspirations to be kindled by a breath. However arid and confined the sphere in which she moves, employment of some kind her restless spirit is *sure* to find ; and provision of some sort we may be certain that she is gathering and laying up for future years. Why, then, condemn her in most cases to fill her bosom with the husks ' which satisfy not ?'

There is yet another, though among us a very small class of opponents to the extension of woman's education, who are possessed with a sentimental fear lest the acquirement of wholesome knowledge should rob her of that impulsive charm, that childlike, unreasoning (too often *unreasonable*) pliancy of mind, which, according to them, forms her greatest attraction. We do *not* believe that such would be the effect produced, except in a degree which might fitly defend her peace and dignity against the disastrous consequences sure to result from unduly pampering the above qualities.

We do not think frivolity or wayward caprice necessary to compose the *womanly* charm of woman ; and it is painful to see a premium held out to mental deformities, which most surely make havoc of all the happiness and usefulness of her life.

The consideration, however, of the social position which woman shall hold among us, must necessarily precede that of the education which is to fit her for it. And whatever difference of opinion may exist on the latter point, it must be admitted, on all hands, to be subordinate to the larger and far more difficult question of her civil status as a member of the community.

We are all aware that this subject, surrounded, as it is, with difficulties both speculative and practical, has often, perhaps generally, been treated in a manner and spirit calculated to frighten many excellently intentioned men from all consideration of the arguments of those who think that some change in these matters might be desirable. But we can assure our readers that the discussion has been conducted by M. Legouvé in a spirit and tone of mind, as well as of language, which need not alarm the most servid *laudator temporis acti*, provided he have that

sincere desire after truth, which ought to be dearer to us all than any Plato, or any Plato's system. Our author has thought, has formed his conclusions, and now preaches them to the world. We do not profess to occupy similar ground in the following pages; we do not hope to be able even to lay before the reader, in the compass of an article, *all* the grounds which exist for thinking that the subject should be considered as one requiring further examination and thought. Much less are we prepared to appear as the advocates of any convictions on the subject; but the standing and reputation of our author among the best classes of his countrymen is such, as to demand, at least, attentive hearing of his argument. And we have thought, that it cannot be otherwise than highly interesting to our readers to be made acquainted with the speculations and doctrines on a topic of such vital importance, which are at work among the most truly philosophic and Christian thinkers of a neighbouring country.

In France, it appears, any change in the present social position of woman is very generally looked upon with dread and dislike; and this is the less wonderful, when we reflect how the party cry of '*la femme libre*,' has of late years become synonymous with fanaticism, and unfeminine boldness; nay, with positive license and degradation. Many and great are the difficulties which present themselves to an author, who in earnest singleness of purpose addresses himself to a work like the one before us. If he should consider, with M. Legouv  , that the greater part of woman's sufferings arise from errors existing in the marriage code, he is bound to dilate upon what seems to him its injustice and partiality, and thereby he may very possibly sow the seeds of dissension in many a household. He dares not pass over in silence the crying evil of the husband's absolute power, yet, on the other hand, he shrinks from increasing the anguish of a wound which he fain would cure. In this dilemma, the author says, that he has throughout 'attempted rather to restrain the master, than to stir up the vassal. He has spoken less strongly to woman of her rights, than to man of his duties.'\*

Much skill is also requisite in treating the delicate questions which must necessarily find place in a work like that before us. Woman's inborn modesty habitually shrinks from the contemplation of such topics, and yet their investigation is indispensable, before any reform can be effected in existing evils.

'Filled with respect for these feelings of reserve,' we quote the author's words, 'I have avoided all such details as were not absolutely necessary, and were indispensable; the only art I have used has been to approach them as I felt respecting them, simply and seriously. In

---

\* Avant propos, p. v.

matters like these, it appears to me that decorum exists solely in uprightness of speech and purity of intention. An honest woman can bear to listen to all that an honest man can say.'

M. Legouv   distributes his work into as many parts as woman has characters to support in social life. He investigates her position as a maiden, a wife, a mother, and a member of the community. These grand divisions he then subdivides into chapters, each containing a distinct phase of female existence. Most truly may it be said, that woman's history is the history of a succession of emancipations. A truth this, little considered by those who base their convictions of the inexpediency of her further enfranchisement on the ancient rock of 'tradition,' and conceive that age can hallow the abuses which it confirms.

The present condition of woman is one of unrestrained liberty compared with the slavery of the past. We may here remark, without needing to support our assertion by argument, that in proportion as the enfranchisement of woman has gradually advanced, the progress of general civilization has kept pace with it; and that in those countries where woman is still the most enslaved, civilization yet remains confined within the narrowest limits.

A momentary glance at some historical facts may serve to give us an idea of the small account in which the gentler sex was held by the greatest nations of antiquity. The laws of Sparta enacted, that out of ten infants exposed as too costly to be brought up, seven should be females, their sex being equal to a deformity.—(P. 18.)

The birth of a female infant, according to the Jewish law, entailed on the mother twice as many days of purification as that of a male.

In India, again, the sort of opprobrium attached to the birth of a daughter, had its source in one of the most cherished dogmas of the religious creed. The happiness or misery of the Hindoo, after death, depended not so much on his own good or evil actions, as on the performance of the *Srhadda*, or funeral sacrifice, by his children or descendants; without which, the soul of the progenitor was doomed to wander in sorrow and despair around the abodes of the blessed. This sacrifice *could not* be performed by women. Accordingly, the law of Manou strictly prescribes the ceremonies to be performed on the birth of a son. He is to be hailed by the title of *Ponttra*, the deliverer from hell, or the child of duty. His father must touch his lips with butter, honey, and gold; and sacred words are to be recited over him. In a family consisting of seven or eight wives of different ranks, the 'mother of a son' is to be raised by that title alone to the first rank. But for a daughter, what festivities? what

titles? what ceremonies to be observed?—None. ‘Her name shall be flowing and easy to pronounce,’ is the only mention the law condescends to make of her. The mournful baptism of a mother’s tears ushers her into life, for, ‘the wife who brings forth female children only, may be repudiated at the end of eleven years;’ that is, three years only later than her who is stricken with sterility.\*

Nor was the feudal system productive of any material change in the disfavour with which the birth of a daughter was regarded. The history of the middle ages abounds with instances of the innocent child, whose sex rendered it hateful to a harsh and ambitious father, becoming the object of year-long neglect, contempt, nay, even brutal usage. Witness the conduct of Louis XI. towards his first child, Jeanne de Valois.†

A remnant of this pernicious prejudice still exists in the expressive idiom of most of the French peasantry. The word ‘enfant’ is applied by them exclusively to boys; indeed, we have ourselves been startled by hearing a Provençale mother, seemingly of good birth and breeding, reply to inquiries respecting her family, ‘Je n’ai pas d’enfants, Monsieur; je n’ai que des filles.’ (I have no children, Sir; I have only girls.)

We cite this, not to prove a lack of affection in the mothers of France for their daughters; far from it. We only wish to show how deeply the bitterness of ancient prejudice tinctures the language, long after it has ceased to influence the feelings, of a people. This is yet more strongly marked in the phrase which M. Legouv  tells us is used by the Breton farmer whose wife has brought a daughter into the world: ‘Ma femme a fait une fausse couche.’ (My wife has miscarried.) P. 19.

We can, with difficulty, form an idea of the dread entertained by a French parent lest he should see his daughter condemned to a life of celibacy. Among us, such a circumstance is not tantamount to a declaration of abject poverty, personal deformity, or some worse hindrance than either. In France, the single woman of the higher classes, be she young or old, if deprived of her natural protectors, can occupy no definite place in society. She has no duties to perform, and no privileges to enjoy. How, then, is she to avoid the bitter alternative of either passing a gloomy life of solitude, for which her superficial education has utterly unfitted her, or incurring the obloquy of strange tongues if she dare to assert a liberty which custom denies her? If rich, she attaches herself to the household of some relative, and strives to busy her craving energies with cares and affections in which nature has assigned her no share. If poor, she has but two

\* Laws of Manou, book ii. v. 33.

† Hist. de Jeanne de Valois, par Pierquin de Gembloux.

chances of subsistence ; for the law shuts her out from the liberal professions ; and custom, stronger still than law, unfits her from her cradle for intellectual, even more than for manual, labour. She must become either a governess or a humble companion. The former employment is difficult and onerous ; yet it has *real* rights, worth, and usefulness, to recommend it. But a baneful idea of the dignity of idleness, joined to a sense of incapacity for better things, induce too many to select the frivolous servitude of the humble companion ; and this proves how deeply the contempt for hardly-earned bread has tainted woman's mind. These are our author's statements of things as they are in France. They are curious. We should doubt the accuracy of similar remarks applied to this country. And the discrepancy indicated may, perhaps, be found suggestive of some interesting diversities of national character.

Such are the results, it seems, of the present method of education in France ; and they lead our author to exclaim, ' Oh, for labour ! for labour ! to reanimate these hearts, to purify and fill these lives ! God has appointed us hard trials on this earth ; but he has also created labour, which makes up for all ! Labour has power to stanch the bitterest tears. She is a stern comforter, and ever promises less than she gives. Herself an unequalled pleasure, she becomes the seasoning of all other pleasures. All others desert us—gaiety, wit, love—but labour is ever present to us, and the deep enjoyments she procures unite the fervid intoxication of passion with the calm delights of reflection. . . . And this blessing you snatch from woman. You accuse her imagination, yet you give her up a prey to its delusions. You shudder at her impressionability, yet you heighten all its refinements. Oh, dispute, if you will, her rights of inheritance—grudge her even her maternal privileges ; but, in the name of that God who created her, leave her at least labour ! Whether rich or poor, noble or plebeian, all women alike demand it of you, as if it were existence. Once past the age of passion and pleasure, what remains to woman now ? Nothing, save to struggle miserably against coming wrinkles. Her mind must have nourishment, or it will feed on itself. Mere instruction is not sufficient food for her. It is study without aim, knowledge without practical application. It enlarges the circle of her wants without bringing her the wherewithal to appease them. You make her thirst, and refuse to give her drink ; for life consists not in learning, but in action.' (P. 411.)

Various are the remedies proposed by our author for this social malady. The principal of them is, to open the career of all the arts and sciences to woman. He augurs great things from her talent for observation and delicacy of perception ; which he wishes to see

applied, more especially, to astronomy, natural history, and the study of medicine—as far as it may be pursued unconnected with operative surgery. The labours of the counting-house, too, the inspection of factories where women are employed, and of prisons for female delinquents, he adds to the list of fitting professions for women.

Our limits do not permit of our following M. Legouvé through the numerous pages of argument and inquiry suggested to him by every division of so fertile a subject as that which he has undertaken to investigate. But before proceeding to give our readers some account of the view he takes of the social condition of woman as a wife, to which we intend more especially to confine our attention on the present occasion, we must present them with one or two new and startling facts respecting the employments held by women, in French industrial pursuits, at the present time.

If we take the three great branches of industry—the manufacture of cotton, wool, and silk—we shall find that, in each of them, the operations which entail disease and death upon the workpeople are almost exclusively performed by *women*. The carders of cotton or wool are compelled to breathe an atmosphere of sharp and irritating dust, which produces in them that fearful malady which they emphatically call ‘the cotton consumption’ (*phthisie cotonneuse*). These carders are almost all women.

In the manufacture of silk, two operations are fraught with danger—the winding and the carding—and these are performed by women *only*. The winders have to sit the whole long day of summer heat over a vessel of boiling water; into which they are every moment forced to plunge their hands, in order to draw out the cocoons. The fœtid effluvia which they constantly inhale, arising from thousands of decaying chrysalids, render them liable to putrid fevers and spitting of blood. And the silk-carders, for the most part young peasant-girls from the Cevennes, come down from their mountains, in the fulness of health and strength, to die in a few months of tubercular consumption; for it is proved that, out of eight sufferers, six fall victims to this disease of the lungs. (P. 403.)

It may, perhaps, be supposed that these poor creatures are paid according to the dangerous nature of their labour; but this is in no instance the case. Sixteen to eighteen sous a day are all the wages of the cotton-carder. The wool-carder earns from twenty to twenty-five sous; the silk-winder, from fifteen to twenty. Their average earnings have been computed, by the best authorities, at 172 francs per annum in early youth, 250 in the strength of womanhood, and 126 in the decline of life. And this without reckoning on the probable chances of sickness, pregnancy, or

want of work. Now, if we compare these wretched wages with the well-known and undeniable fact, that a single woman cannot support life in any town of France on less than 248 francs per annum, exclusive of the purchase of the most indispensable clothing, or of a single article of furniture—to cover which expenses the highest rate of wages leaves a surplus of just *two francs per annum*—we can hardly wonder at the miserable victims of such a system having desperate recourse to the wages of shame in order to eke out their scanty subsistence withal; and though we shudder, we do not start at hearing that the factory women of many a great town of France, their insufficient day's toil ended, enter habitually upon what, with hideous emphasis, they call their '*cinquième quart de journée.*' For want, with *men*, means only hunger and nakedness; with *women*, it means hunger, nakedness, and *shame.* (P. 405.)

But let us pass at once to the chapter which contains matter of most general interest—the social condition of woman as a wife. Each successive wave of change which has passed over the social system of Europe during the last eighteen hundred years, has lifted her gradually higher and higher above the degradation of a mere object of pastime, or of a trapping of luxury, which she still occupies in the harems of the East.

It was the Roman law which commenced her physical emancipation, by awarding the possession and administration of property, under certain circumstances, to the wife as well as to the husband. The well-known *servus dotalis*, mentioned by Plautus in his '*Asinaria*,' was intended as a check in the household upon the husband's extravagance; and to the aid of this legally-appointed steward he was often obliged to have recourse, either by threats or bribes, in order to obtain a loan of his wife's money.

About the same time arose the grand regenerating principle of Christianity, hallowing woman's heart by its baptism of faith and love—employing her fervid energies as a potent means of conversion—glorifying her purity and long-suffering by the promise of a radiant crown of martyrdom. Then dawned the blood-streaked day of persecution and torture. Then was woman—that same woman whom the wisdom of hoary antiquity had declared too weak and unreasonable a creature even to act as witness to a will—called upon to give her noble testimony in the cause of God. And that not singly nor secretly, but by hundreds—nay, *thousands*—at a time; gathered from all ranks, made up of all ages. Women already bowed towards the grave, young mothers with their infants still clinging to the breasts, virgins—pale and pure as the maid-mother of Him they adored—calmly and cheerfully bore the horrid penalties of the

faith that was in them. Mangled and gored by wild cattle, torn by savage beasts, mutilated and hacked piecemeal by the executioner, their flesh rent by scourges, their spirit more deeply agonized still by that last refinement of the prætor's cruelty, exposure at the public street-corner to the brutal indignities of the populace,—still did this holiest army of martyrs lift up their spotless sacrifice to God, and redeem, once and for ever, the misprized name of woman from the dark and bitter degradation of the past.

Thus began woman's *moral* emancipation. Even the fierce tide of barbarian conquest, which repeatedly overflowed the civilized world, seemed only to beautify the type of newborn matron virtue, by tempering with its influences the strong and noble natures of the women of the North.

Again, through the wild vicissitudes of feudal times, the moral and physical enfranchisement of woman ceased not, however slowly and secretly, to advance. The feudal laws, wisely borrowed 'from the paternal institutions of the barbarians a decree assigning to woman as her right, a certain portion of the property acquired by her husband during his married life. The 'Barbarian' code, indeed, went further than this, for they forbade the husband to sell the wife's property without her own consent, as well as that of her nearest living relative. True it is, that by a yet earlier law, a widow, on the death of her husband, was obliged to pay his debts, and if prevented by poverty from so doing, was unable to contract another marriage, unless the second husband took upon him the discharge of her obligations. But at a later period, the performance of a singular ceremony at the grave of the deceased husband sufficed to liberate his widow from the necessity of payment. The ceremony we allude to was this:—On the day of the funeral the widow followed the body to the cemetery, with a girdle of cord about her waist, and bearing in her hand the keys of the house. As soon as the corpse was buried, she unfastened the girdle and let it drop; then threw the bunch of keys upon the grave, and thus renounced all part or lot in her husband's debts; for she had stripped off the cord with which her loins had been girded for household labour, and flung away the keys which guarded the furniture of the conjugal dwelling. This ceremony performed, she returned home, and thence she was allowed to remove her richest bed with its garniture, her dress of ceremony, and the best of her jewels; or, at the least, she might take her every-day garments, those which she had worn during her husband's last illness (a touching allusion this to her care and tenderness for him), her bed, and that of her waiting damsel, and a palfrey or other beast of burden. (P. 166.)

After thus glancing at the quaint but significant usages of that

early period, M. Legouv  proceeds to remark how the modern civil law of France, desirous, as it would seem, of furthering woman's emancipation, enacts, that 'every individual, of either sex, who attains the age of twenty-one years, shall be considered to have reached majority.' But this provision is directly afterwards virtually annulled by the clauses of the marriage code, which give into the husband's power not only all *common* property, but even land and houses, belonging solely to the wife. (P. 169.) If a lease is to be granted, the *husband* must sign it. The wife has no power to dispose of any part of the property, although settled on herself. Nay, more, the husband can make no legal contract, conferring such power upon her. Even if legally separated from him, she cannot dispose of any landed property without his permission. She can neither make nor receive any donation, without his consent, during her life; and after her death she is powerless to bequeath a single fraction of her property, except according to his will and pleasure.

Does not this look like declaring that to woman *only* attaches the reproach of wasteful extravagance, profligacy, and neglect? Yet how painfully does every day's experience prove the very contrary! How void of wisdom is the conclusion embodied in such laws, that no woman, however intellectually gifted, can pretend to the same judgment of a boy of fourteen!

M. Legouv  feels heartily, and, we think, not unreasonably indignant at an injustice which is rendered the more flagrant by the following paragraph, taken from the 1422nd article of the 'Civil Code' of France. 'The husband is at liberty to dispose of the common property at his pleasure, in favour of whom he will.'

Thus the husband has the power, and, alas! how often the will, not alone recklessly to squander away the means of subsistence which should have given a peaceful home to his miserable partner, and an assured future to their children, but even to rob her and them, if he so please, of every article of furniture and clothing, and to sell them to supply means for his extravagance, or worse than even this, to lavish them upon the chief agent of their misery, the dissolute sharer of his profligacy; while the law, the eagle-eyed and iron-handed law, has not one glance, nor one gripe for his iniquity, and permits the wife to weep and suffer, or to take evil counsel with want, and heart-burning indignation, while it sanctions the robbery, and defends the robber!

It is, more especially, among the poorer classes that 'he who runs may read' the hideous story of these and similar abuses. In the middle and higher ranks, although such cases are, unfortunately, neither less flagrant nor more exceptional, still the

miseries they produce are more likely to be shielded by various circumstances from the public eye. But among the poor, there exists little of the family pride which strives to cloak such injuries, and pitying friends are wanting in ability to relieve the sufferings of the injured. Moreover, the poor man's wife is not blinded to her future fate by that ignorance of her husband's pursuits, and of money affairs in general, which keeps her higher-born sister in affliction too often unconscious that anything is amiss, until the day when she finds herself and her little ones reduced to hopeless beggary. Frequent as fruitless are the appeals made to the French tribunals by the destitute wife and mother of the working classes, before she knows how stern and hopeless will be the answer of justice to her passionate appeal. Out of eight artizans, our author tells us, three have a double household to maintain, while their wages are barely sufficient for the support of the lawful wife and offspring. Hunger and nakedness must result from this, and it is needless to remark that they invariably fall the heaviest on those bound by legitimate ties to the offender.

The 'Commission des Récompenses' (Committee of remuneration) obtained irrefragable proof of these facts in 1830, when employed in distributing relief to the families of those who fell in the revolution of July. The surprise of the commissioners on that occasion may be conceived when they saw two, and often *three* women present themselves as the widows of each of the slain, and claim relief in his name. Perhaps our author may be right in attributing this fearful extent of depravity, in a great measure, to the working of another most powerful cause, namely, the indissolubility of the marriage tie in the Church of Rome. But we cannot help thinking that the husband's unlimited power over the common property, joined to the comparative impunity which is granted by the world to his infidelities, is an active agent in the instances to which the French author refers, of a worthless husband having three several times left his wife destitute, and as often returned when her hard labours had refurnished their habitation, to sell and squander the price of every article of furniture which the house contained.

But let us see what remedy our author proposes for these complicated evils. He demands, in the first place, a period of legal majority for the wife; that is, a time when she shall be considered capable of managing pecuniary affairs, and having a voice in her husband's speculations, whatever they may be. The period he suggests is after five years of marriage, considering the extremely early age at which most of his countrywomen become wives and mothers, and allowing a sufficient time for their initiation into the needful details of business. M. Legouvé

would also divide the united dowries of the wife and husband into three parts. The first to be the property of the husband; the second, of the wife; the third, which should consist of equal portions taken from the property of each of them, to form the common fund. The husband, he says, should have the exclusive management of the first; the wife of the second; and the husband again of the third, under the control of what he calls a conjugal family council,\* composed of relatives and *friends* of both sexes; a similar institution, in fact, to that known under the Roman republic, and in feudal times, by the name of the 'Domestic Tribunal.' From this council, in all cases of wasteful extravagance on the part of the husband, M. Legouv   seems to expect the most beneficial results. He would have it convened at the demand of the wife and any two of the members, and after mature deliberation on the matter of accusation, he would empower it, after convicting the husband either of incapacity or wilful mismanagement of his affairs, to deprive him of any power over the common fund, and consign it entirely to the hands of the wife, should she be found capable of assuming the direction of it.

'To such,' he continues, 'as shrink from the idea of appointing a woman head of the household, we would reply, that such an election would naturally occur but seldom, since it could only be brought about by the family council, and that in exceptional cases. But it would introduce into the household, that principle which can alone ensure its prosperity, the employment of the two forces which compose it. We would say, in conclusion, to those who remain unconvinced by such reasons as these, that since home is woman's kingdom, it is but just that she should rule there. But, over what does she rule now-a-days? Over her children? Nay, the father alone can exercise legitimate parental authority. Over her husband? Nay, the husband is the sole head of the house. Over herself? The wife owes implicit obedience to her husband. Over the servants? The head of the house can eject from it, or introduce into it, whom he pleases. Over the landed property? A woman cannot even take the management of it upon her. Over the goods and furniture? What *were* hers, belong to her no more. Now would I fain comprehend what is the meaning of *home*, without husband, wife, children, servants, house, lands, goods and furniture.'

And thus he passes to another division of his subject—the power of the husband over the person of the wife.

He opens it with the following striking passage from the 'Confessions of St. Augustine:—

"My mother used blindly to obey him who had been given her as

\* *Conseil de Famille Conjugal*, p. 175.

a husband; so much so, that when visited by other women, whose husbands were far less violent in temper than hers, but who, nevertheless, bore, even on their faces, the marks of marital anger, my mother used to say to them: "It is your own fault. You have no one to blame but your tongue. It is not for the handmaid to oppose her master. Such things would not occur if, when you heard your marriage contract read, you had learned that it was a contract of servitude that you were executing."

'This short anecdote,' continues our author, 'is valuable, inasmuch as it shows us the fulness of the husband's omnipotence over the person of the wife in primitive times.'

This omnipotence manifested itself then much as it does at present, in the exercise of three great privileges:—

The right of personal chastisement.

Absolute control over the wife's actions.

Compulsory rights over her person.

It would, doubtless, be difficult to show how this excess of absolute power should be modified, otherwise than by those ennobling influences of religion and civilization, which have already reduced the first of these privileges almost to a nullity among the educated classes, and branded it with reprobation and disgrace when exercised among the more ignorant members of the community. In order that a household should be at unity with itself, it is positively necessary that a preponderating weight of authority should rest with one or other of its component members. We conceive the husband to be the fitting person to possess such authority, as long as he employs it only for the maintenance of good order and happiness in the domestic commonwealth. But to prove how terrible are the consequences springing from wilful misuse of the absolute power over wife and children, possessed by the husbands of France, we need only quote an instance selected by M. Legouvé from the '*Gazette des Tribunaux*,' by the name of the '*Affaire Thiebault*.'

In this case, a worthless husband had installed his mistress as housekeeper, under his roof, in the midst of his family. The miserable wife, conscious of the relation which existed between them, 'thus placed in her own house between her husband and her rival, had for several months endured the indignity in silence; firstly, from shame at having to display her sufferings to the world; next, from a sense of Christian resignation; and lastly, from a lingering feeling of tenderness for the offender; for it is sometimes woman's crowning misfortune to be incapable of tearing from her heart a passionate love for him who outrages her.'

One morning, an old servant of the family enters his lady's apartment with tears in his eyes: 'What ails you?' she asks.

'I have not courage to tell, Madame.' 'Speak!' 'Madame,' replies he, in a stifled tone, 'I am come to ask you for the keys of the store-room and cellar; my master has forbidden me henceforward to receive any orders from you. Another is to be mistress here in future.' At this last insult, the wife loses all her submissive patience. To see herself humbled in the eyes of her servants! To see the management of her family taken from her, as though no longer trustworthy! She rushes to the chamber of her husband's mistress, and says, with all the authority which right and innocence can give, 'Go!—I dismiss you from my service.'

And her rival turned pale and departed. But what followed? Half an hour later, the lawful wife was kneeling at the feet of her husband's paramour, asking pardon of her, entreating her with tears to remain, and to remain as mistress of the house. Such cowardice may seem revolting; yet there is hardly a woman living who, if she be a mother, would have acted otherwise. This the sequel will prove.

The husband, on learning the scene which had taken place in his absence, had gone to his wife's room and addressed her thus:—'The law gives the parental authority wholly into my hands; now, unless you instantly go and ask pardon of her whom you have insulted; unless you prevail on her to stay I will send your boy to the colonies, and you shall never see him more.'

In truth, as M. Legouv   says, 'the leaving such a code unreformed, is a dishonour to the land where it exists.' The legal separation of man and wife can alone palliate sufferings like these, and our author appears to sigh for the establishment of the law of divorce, as it exists in England, Germany, Russia, America, Belgium, and as it existed also in France, during ten years of the reign of Napoleon. He does not seem to consider that divorce, in order to remedy in any degree the hydra-headed evils which he here attributes to the lack of it, must be infinitely easier of attainment than it now is among us. It must be attainable by the poor as well as the rich, and be the penalty of many another offence besides infidelity, before the advantages which he expects can possibly result from it.

Whether these expectations, moreover, would be justified by experience, it is for the legislators of France to decide. Meanwhile M. Legouv   seems well convinced that the introduction of divorce into society shakes even those unions which it leaves undissolved, and destroys the holiness, the purity, and the strength of the marriage bond in the public mind. 'Yet such,' he says, 'is the deplorable state of modern social institutions, that the very indissolubility which should be their safeguard is more fatal to the existence of home affections than divorce would be; if

restricted within proper limits. The following example from the 'Gazette des Tribunaux,' of the 26th of June, 1847, will serve to show our readers something of the depth and virulence of the evil.

On that occasion there appeared before the correctional police, the Sieur Mesnager, his wife, aged thirty-one, and the Sieur Sombret.

'The PRESIDENT: Mesnager, do you persist in the complaint which you have made against your wife?

'MESNAGER: Persist in it! I believe you, and pretty strongly too!

'The PRESIDENT: The penitence shown by your wife, and your ill-conduct towards her, ought, perhaps, to render you more indulgent.

'MESNAGER: As to penitence, we know what that means. It is all stuff! As to my ill-conduct, I don't acknowledge any such thing.

'The PRESIDENT: Femme Mesnager, stand up.—(The accused rises; her two children cling weeping to her gown.)

'The PRESIDENT: You acknowledge the crime of adultery with which you stand charged? What made you thus forget your highest duties?

'The ACCUSED: Oh, Sir! if you knew how wretched I was!

'The PRESIDENT: That is no excuse. . . . You are a mother, you should have thought of your children.

'The ACCUSED: It was my very love for my children which caused my crime. If I had been the only one to suffer, I should have submitted.

'The PRESIDENT: Explain yourself. Did your husband ever maltreat your children?

'The ACCUSED: Oh! yes, Sir. My husband, who earns more than ten francs a day, would not give me a sou either for myself or my poor little ones. He used to go out in the morning to breakfast at the café; he returned in the middle of the day to sleep, went out again to dine, and never came back till late at night. My children and I were often without food. I worked as hard as I could to support them, but I could earn very little, and I was not always regularly paid. When I asked my husband for money to buy bread for his children he used to answer me brutally: "You brought them into the world, and it is your place to feed them." One morning, the poor little creatures were crying and complaining; they had not eaten for twenty-four hours. Their cries awoke my husband, who fell into a fearful rage, and told me that he would flog them if I did not keep them quiet. "How can I keep them quiet?" said I. "They are suffering, they are dying of hunger." He then took a few sous from his pocket, and flung them into the children's faces, saying to them: "Take that, you gluttons, and don't howl any more, or I will give you a proper flogging." He had given them seven sous in all; and with these I bought some bread and milk, and my poor children had a little food. I myself took nothing. There was not too much for them. I would not stint them of their share.

'The PRESIDENT: Was it under these circumstances that you made the acquaintance of the *Sieur Sombret*?

'The ACCUSED: Yes, Sir;—*M. Sombret* lived in our house; he often saw me sad and with red eyes; he heard my children crying; he knew the conduct of my husband, and he now and then assisted us. . . . I was very grateful to him, for he gave my children bread when my husband refused it them.

'The PRESIDENT: Your gratitude was very natural, but it should not have gone the length of making you forget your duties.

'The ACCUSED: It never would have done so, if my husband had not turned me out of doors. . . . One day he came back half drunk, and told me that he was sick of hearing his wife always complaining, and the children for ever whining, and he turned me out of the house, giving me twenty-five francs, and telling me that he wanted to hear nothing more of me or the children. These twenty-five francs did not last me very long, as you may believe; it was then that *M. Sombret* proposed to me that I should reside under his roof as housekeeper, telling me at the same time that he would love my children as if they were his own. I gladly consented to go, and then I do not know how it happened.' . . .

Here the accused stops short, and in her silence we feel a darker depth of sin and despair than that in which *Dante's Francesca* attempts to hide the shame of her misdoings.

The profligate husband has nothing but loud insolence wherewith to combat his wife's statement. Witnesses are called who corroborate the account of her long and severe sufferings, and it is proved that *Mesnager* maintains a mistress and a family in another part of the town.

What is the result? considering the extenuating circumstances of the case, the two offenders are sentenced to only eight days' imprisonment. But the third delinquent, the greatest of the three—we speak advisedly, and without bating, for compassion's sake, one jot of our deep reverence for the sacredness of the marriage tie—what sentence is there for the faithless husband, the unnatural parent, whose crime breeds crime, anguish, and disgrace, in those who, as the Roman law emphatically declared, are *in his hand* for good or for evil? There is *no* punishment for him! The law, in recording such iniquities as his, seems intent only on registering the extent of its own weakness, and the fatal theories of *St. Just* take root and flourish—who shall wonder at it?—on the soil thus prepared by license and injustice for their reception.

Did our space permit of our laying before our readers *M. Legouvé's* views of the remaining phases of woman's social existence—namely, as a mother, and as a member of the community—the crying necessity for improvement would be apparent to them

there also. But we have purposely refrained from even a cursory glance into those deepest '*bolge*' of female sin and suffering, where for ever resound

'Sighs, sobs, and bitter shrieks, through starless air.'

The somewhat theatrical taste of our Gallic neighbours is ever glad of an excuse for contemplating the moral 'night-side' of life, however revolting the details it reveals. We, on the other hand, are perhaps too apt, in our anxiety for the honour of humanity, as it is called by some, to push out of sight the connexion between the heart-gnawing endurance of the ill-used wife, and the dogged purpose of the stealthy murderess; between the 'chartered libertine's' insolent impunity, and the shuddering guilt of the unwed mother, who weeps for the innocent life she takes. Far be it from *us*, however, to disconnect the parent injury from the hideous brood of evil thoughts and deeds to which it *must* give birth, although, on the present occasion, we prefer directing such of our readers as desire to trace the bond of their union to the work we have essayed to examine. For our own part, we strongly feel the urgency of some healthful change in woman's moral culture and social position, and would sum up our aspirations on the subject in the no less philosophical than poetical lines of one of the most suggestive of our living writers:—

'For woman is not undevelop't man,

But diverse : could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,—

Not like to like, but like in difference :

Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;

The man be more of woman, she of man ;

He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;

She mental breadth ; nor fail in childward care :

More as the double-natured poet each :

Till at the last she set herself to man,

Like perfect music unto noble words ;

And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,

Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,

Self-reverent each and reverencing each,

Distinct in individualities,

But like each other e'en as those who love.'

• Tennyson.

ART. IV.—*Episodes of Insect Life.* By Acheta Domestica. First and Second Series. London: Reeve, Benham, & Reeve.

THE laugh at entomology is nearly spent. Not often now is a man of science ridiculed because he collects flies, caterpillars, and moths. The case of insects, all impaled though they be—thrust through and through with entomological pins, is not now regarded as a collection of mangled victims sacrificed to a silly pursuit. Known professors of the science, in the words of our author, may now assemble in council, and communicate their observations and inquiries, without fear of becoming themselves subjects for a commission *De lunatico inquirendo*; and butterfly-hunters, net in hand, may now chase their game without being themselves made game of. But it was not always so. Time was when to be an entomologist, and to be in the estimation of the world slightly deranged of intellect, were synonymous. We are credibly informed by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, of a poor lady (Lady Granville), who during her life-time took pleasure in these humbler works of God, and was, consequently, while she lived considered but half-witted, and after death her will was attempted to be set aside on the ground of insanity—the insanity of having been an insect-collector! We have read of a De Geer burning numerous copies of his admirable work on insects with his own hands, mortified at the ridicule which awaited the volume in a scorning world.\* These were days when the student of the minuter part of the creation of God met with little encouragement from without, and was left to the pure solace of his delightful task. The satirist wrote of such as of men who

‘Think their eyes

And reason given them but to study flies.’

Yet he forgot the littleness of his own mind, which saw not wonders of intelligence and skill all open and patent to those who were the subjects of his ridicule. Better days have come; and to be now a student of any branch of natural science, is to win a claim to the respect, or even to the admiration, of men. Ray, De Geer, Reaumur, and Swammerdam, saw the dawn and partial development of a brighter time. Latreille, Lamarck, Cuvier, Curtis, Macleay, Kirby and Spence, Newport, Westwood, and others, have seen the blaze of day shine upon their favourite study; and the fact that there is at this present time an Entomo-

\* De Geer lived, however, to see his great work eagerly received, read, and admired.

logical Society in a flourishing condition in London, sufficiently indicates the altered fortunes of the science itself.

The classical work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence has supplied many writers with the most valuable of their materials in the composition of works on entomology; and in reading this standard book, it is impossible not to be struck with the erudition and research of its now venerable authors, and with the exhaustive manner in which the subject has been treated. Taking up any modern work on this science, it is easy, if one is well read in these interesting volumes, to mark page after page which has been evidently derived from this source. While this work is not up to the present state of the science in some of its portions, in those which relate to the habits and manners of insects it is still without a rival in our own, or in any other language—nay, or in any other of the natural sciences.

Our author, we are tempted to write authoress, for we think the beautiful works we are now to notice betray indications of a lady's pen, has availed him or herself of the work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence; has thence drawn the elements entering into the composition of these works; and with the addition of allegoric ornament, and a few new facts, has produced, under the soubriquet of *Acheta Domestica*, two very delightful drawingroom-table books. Wonderful tales of zoological humanity are here recorded, interwoven with the romantic fancies of the author's own invention. Insects not only live and move in the pages, but speak, and think, go to battle, serenade, revolutionize, murder, and do all other things becoming civilized (?) beings. The author has, in fact, erred on the side of over-buoyancy. The volumes are delightful reading, but they are too light to our taste. Rhapsody and fable spread so wide a sheet as to overbalance the solid facts they are intended to waft along; and the reader finds himself in a continual puzzle to know whether what is engaging his interest be in reality fact or fiction. This has been evidently felt by the writer of the works, for every now and then, we are told in a 'note' or in a soberer sentence, that all we have been reading is really true—true with adornment should have been added. We may be told, this is the very idea of the books; but if so, then by so much that the facts of insect history have been dressed up beyond nature, by so much do the works fail in the object for which they were written—the desire to create a love for the truths of entomology itself. But we shall not quarrel with *Acheta Domestica* for this,—no, nor for anything else; for the volumes our cricket author has produced do infinite credit to the delicacy of his taste and to the exuberance of his fancy; and gladly will we be of his company, while seated on the aged trunk of a tree, he fills our listening ears with wondrous things. Of some of these

let us present a specimen, and take as a fair illustration of truths pleasantly stated the following account of the private life of a—fly.

‘The fly is a perfect insect (or imago), having already passed through its two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the butterfly, is more generally known as caterpillar and chrysalis, so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly gentry, also nearly equalized, which form the main body of our parlour visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of flowers, the bouncing blue-bottle, and the black and grey chequered blow-fly, those pests pre-eminent of the larder, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither

“Hatched on the road—nor in the stable bred.”

Numerous gay-coloured varieties may be seen between spring and autumn and in September nearly altogether, grouped in a *tableau vivant*, settled and sipping on the honied clusters of the Michaelmas daisy, that last starry heaven of their existence, at all events for the year. Later still, towards the end of October, and beginning of November, when taking a noonday walk under a southern ivy-crested wall, you may be sure to see some of all of them come out to meet you from the dark green bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the bearded ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refugee of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your trouble, by turning out from the same shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hybernating butterfly,—

“Startling the eye  
With unexpected beauty.”

‘Once more to our picture.—You know, we suppose, that the fly has a pair of wings, but a hundred to one if one of you out of a hundred has ever noticed that she has also a pair of winglets (or little secondary wings), and a pair of poisers, drumstick-like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight. These poisers are much more conspicuous, and easily observed without a magnifier, in the gnat and in the father longlegs, insects belonging to the same order as flies.

‘Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly’s nervous pinion—the iridescent colours wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look, we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching springtime, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.’—*First Series*, pp. 42, 43.

Few things in natural history are more amusing than the change of condition undergone by various insects in their passage from the egg up to the perfect being. To think that a creature which is to wing its way through viewless fields of air, to sport on zephyr’s wings, and to bask in the sunshiny atmosphere

of fields and flower-gardens, should be, during a part of its life, an active occupant of the waters, frisking about in the oddest manner, all the days of its larva- and pupa-hood, is a natural marvel, of which no science but entomology affords the parallel. And these objects of wonder are not far out of our observation; on the contrary, they are overlooked every day of our life, and when really sought for are among the commonest objects that surround us. To take an instance—

‘All those who are accustomed to make their ablutions in soft water, have probably noticed, at the bottom of their ewers, an assemblage of dirty-coloured fuzzy streaks, which, on narrowly watching, they would find to be endued with the power of locomotion. Each of these objects, as it meets the sight, is nothing but a case of dusty particles collected around it by a little living occupant, which, on account of its colour, has acquired the sanguinary name of blood-worm. An eye acquainted with this unpromising object would as little expect to behold evolved from it a creature of grace and beauty, as to see a rose expand from the stalk of a nettle; yet, after passing through the intermediate stage of pupa (in which its breathing organs are no less curiously adapted than those of the common species), this little worm emerges from the water in the shape of a small gnat, whose elegant plumes, surpassing those of its fellows, have acquired for it the accordant appellation of *Chironimus plumosus*. Some varieties of this pretty fly waltz upon the water, or glide over its surface like the stately swan, their wings, as with the bird, serving them for the purpose of a sail. All gnats, however, are not aquatic in their birth and early stages; one little orange-coloured species, instead of awaking into life surrounded by a liquid expanse, finds itself within the narrow bounds of a single wheat blossom, the pollen of which (thanks to a careful mother) provides for all its infant necessities. Mighty in their multitude, a swarm of tiny feeders such as these are said sometimes to destroy a crop of wheat.’—*Ib.* pp. 71, 72.

Of creatures whose lives are chiefly spent in, and even under, the surface of the dimpled brook, or wayside pool, is none more interesting, few more fierce, than the water-spider, whose residence is a subaqueous diving-bell:—

‘Who has not seen, or is not curious to behold, that “lion” of the Polytechnic, the diving-bell? Now those who for lack of opportunity are among the latter, may see a diving-bell in miniature by repairing to the brink of some running stream, canal, or ditch (provided it be not stagnant), in the neighbourhood of London or elsewhere. There they may perceive, shining through the water, a little globe, apparently of silver, which surrounds, as with a garment, the body of a diving spider, whose submerged habitation and curious economy have been described, as follows, by different observers. “These spiders,” says De Geer, “spin in the water a cell of strong closely-woven white silk, in the form of a diving-bell or half a pigeon’s egg. This is sometimes

quite submerged, at others partly above the water, and is always attached to some objects near it by a number of irregular threads. It is closed all round, but has a large opening below, which, however, I found closed on the 15th of December, and the spider living quietly within, with her head downwards. I made a rent in this cell and expelled the air, upon which the spider came out; yet, though she appeared to have been laid up for three months in her winter quarters, she greedily seized on and sucked an insect. The male, as well as the female, constructs a similar subaqueous cell, and during summer as well as winter." One of these spiders was kept by Mr. Rennie several months in a glass of water, where it built a cell half-submerged, in which it laid its eggs. These are enclosed in bags of yellow silk, and are hatched in summer.

'But it is in the pages of Kirby and Spence that we find the habitations and habits of this amphibious architect most strikingly and pleasantly described. "Her abode (say they) built in water and formed of air, is constructed on philosophic principles, and consists of a subaqueous, yet dry apartment, in which, like a mermaid or a sea-nymph, she resides in comfort. Loose threads, attached in various directions to the leaves of aquatic plants, form the framework of her chamber. Over these she spreads a transparent (elastic) varnish, like liquid glass, which issues from the middle of her spinners; next, she spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface 'to inhale and carry down a supply of atmospheric fluid. Head downwards, and with her body, all but the spinneret, still submersed, our diver (by a process which does not seem precisely ascertained) introduces a bubble of air beneath the pellicle which surrounds her.' Clothed in this aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems formed of resplendent quicksilver, she then plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist transfers gas with a gasholder, introduces her bubble of air beneath the roof prepared for its reception; this manœuvre is ten or twelve times repeated, and when she has transported sufficient air to expand her apartment to its intended extent, she possesses an aerial edifice, an enchanted palace, where, unmoved by storms, she devours her prey at ease."—*Ib.* pp. 137—139.

The predatory habits of this ingenious insect are made the subject of an episode in verse by our fanciful Acheta. Though the lines be somewhat jingling, they tell, in a manner calculated to please the ear, the sad tale of this female giant Grim, of her devouring luckless travellers, and of her finally falling victim to a mail-clad knight—the impersonation of the yet more formidable Water Beetle.

Ever since the delightful account given by Reaumur of the history of the ephemera, or mayflies, the subject has been the favourite of all entomological writers. As presenting us with a lively and accurate account of the various stages in the life of these insects, we may present the following extract—perhaps one of the best entire entomological sketches in this work:—

‘Maternal instinct, wonderfully guided by paternal Providence, directs each parent mayfly (heedless sporter as she seems) to drop her eggs into the water while she hovers about its surface. From each of these issues, in due time, a wingless, six-legged grub, which bears no resemblance to the perfect insect, except, perhaps, in the triple appendage of bristles issuing from the tail. This little animal is provided with a set of breathing tubes running along each side of its body, adapted for the extraction of air from water; also, on each side, eight fins, which by aid of a microscope are clearly discernible. The first care and labour of the larva’s life is to excavate for its habitation, within the soft bank of the river, a hole or burrow, proportioned to its size, and below the level of the water, of which it is consequently always full. This cavernous abode serves the double purpose of protecting it from the jaws of its finny foes, and of providing it with a ready supply of that slimy earth on which it is supposed chiefly to subsist. It has, however, been suggested that the insect may, after all, only derive nutriment from the decaying vegetable matter mixed with the earth thus swallowed; but that if, on the contrary, it really feeds on earth, the fact would at once abolish the distinction laid down by Mirbel between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.\*

‘In the above submerged, subterranean, sunless, and earth-eating existence, the streams of life and its native current glide for four-and-twenty successive moons over the head of our as yet misnamed ephemera, which, during the latter part of the same period, exchanges the first (or larva) for the second (or pupa) state of insect life. It is then that, on some fine May-morning (or, may-be, evening) it bids adieu for ever to its dark subaqueous dwelling, and rises to the surface, prepared to enter on its third estate.

‘Having burst from the pupa-skin, which is left behind as the badge and bandage of an inferior and confined condition, it quits, in company with numerous fellows, the water for the air, in the shape, to all appearance, of a perfect fly. As if, however, the most fugacious of all insect forms was purposely designed to be also the most elaborately finished, it has still to pass through another and fourth stage of development. The singular process by which this additional and final change is effected has been thus described:—

“After its release from the puparium, and making use of its wings for flight, often to a considerable distance, the little ephemera fixes itself by its claws, in a vertical position, to some convenient object, and withdraws every part of the body, even legs and wings, from a thin pellicle which has enclosed them like a glove the fingers; and so exactly do the exuviae, which remain attached to the spot where the ephemera has disrobed itself, retain their former figure, that I have more than once, at first sight, mistaken them for the perfect insect.”

‘To become eye-witnesses of this interesting operation, we have only on a warm, still morn or evening of May or early June, to take our station beside a brook which they are known to haunt, and we shall see them rise from the water, and settling on some adjacent water-plant, or, perhaps, on our own sacred persons, proceed to cast off and leave

\* Acheta should have remembered the earth-eating otomacs.

suspended the outer garment which has hitherto concealed their last and most perfect suit. This, though much resembling it, greatly exceeds the former in polish of texture and clearness of colouring. In ephemera caught previously to this final casting off, we have had opportunities of observing it effected in our own window.

‘When thus adorned in their best, and what may properly be called their bridal vestments, love and pleasure (unimpeded even by the exigencies of hunger, air being their only food) form the brief and brilliant consummation of their lives. Spite of the pathetic enumeration above quoted of ephemeral miseries, what, after all, is less deserving pity than our own merry mayfly, even in its last estate? In happy ignorance of all surrounding perils—sporting one moment on the sunset beam—engulphed the next in dark unconsciousness by skimming swallow or by rising fish—it is through the cruelty of man alone that they are exposed, as they dangle on the line, to a fate really worthy of commiseration. We have only to watch their revels in the air, and, instead of “the most wretched,” we shall be disposed to call them the most happy, of created insects. The dullest and most dispirited of solitary strollers that ever marred, by his cold melancholy visage, the warm glowing face of a summer’s eve, could hardly behold a translucent cloud of these buoyant creatures, as it comes glittering betwixt himself and the setting sun, without feeling his very heart illumined as though by some scattered sparks struck from this mass of bright existence. Assembled in jocund groups—now sporting high above the tallest willows—now descending to the surface of the meadows or the stream—now sailing like hawks—now rising and falling in undulating motion—their long triple tails disported, and by turns elevated and depressed with the movement of their lightsome bodies—thus with the ephemeral crowd passes their live-long day, which, unless prematurely ended, terminates at an hour of the day natural, regulated by that of its commencement.’—*Second Series*, pp. 51—54.

The remarkable action of the female ant in voluntarily depriving herself of wings, in order the better to attend to the duties of the community, is the basis for a sylvan morality which Acheta would call a word to wives; and the substance of which is as follows:—A young married lady is bent upon attending a fancy-ball, contrary to the wishes of her husband; taking a stroll into the woods, she is made the witness of one of these extraordinary actions on the part of the ants, and, learning wisdom thence, lays aside her wings, and gives up the ball. With the morality we have not to do—with the entomology we have simply to call the reader’s attention to the real facts connected with this proceeding, and which are described in a sort of note to the ideal narrative of which the above is the substance:—

• The remarkable procedure of the matron ant, whereon the preceding narrative is founded, is a well-authenticated fact. The circumstances attending it were partially noticed by Gould, the historian of

English ants, Linnæus, and De Geer; and observed and related with greater accuracy by Huber, part of whose interesting account we shall combine with a few introductory remarks by a living naturalist, whose testimony is given to its veracity:—

“It was supposed by the ancients, that all ants, at a certain age, acquired wings; but it was reserved for recent naturalists to ascertain that it is only the males and females that are ever winged, and that the latter lose them after pairing in the air, as they have no longer any use for them.”

“The younger Huber, by means of his artificial formicaries, traced the development of the wings in the female from their first commencement, till he saw them stripped off by themselves, and laid aside like cast-off clothes. He one day visited some ant-hills, which he knew to be filled with winged inhabitants, whose departure could not be far distant. “Hardly,” says he, “had I reached the spot, when I saw several, both males and females, pass over my head; while at the ant-hill, I observed others take flight, the males always preceding. Of these I took eight pairs, and placed them in a box to observe them on my return home; but a violent shower, which came on at this moment, offered me a sight as singular as unexpected. As soon as the rain was over, I saw the earth strewn with females without wings. They were, most likely, the very ones that I had seen in the air. . . . On my return home, I placed my eight prisoners, with some moist earth, in a garden-pot, covered with a glass. It was nine o'clock in the evening: at ten the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and were hiding themselves under the earth.” Three of the insects placed in a box, without earth at the bottom, did not, on this account, divest themselves of their wings; but another, furnished with a light earthen bed, no sooner perceived it, than “she extended her wings with some effort, brought them before her head, crossed them in all directions, threw them from side to side, and produced so many singular contortions, that all four wings fell off at the same moment. After this change, she reposed, brushed her corslet with her feet, then traversed the ground, appearing to seek a place of shelter; she partook of the honey I gave her, and at last formed a hiding-place under some loose earth that formed a little natural grotto.” Huber repeated, and describes minutely, the like experiments on several females of different species, and always with the same results.

“Gould (writing about 1747, and calling the winged females “large ant-flies,” the males, small ones), says: “If you place a number (of the former) in a box, the wings of many of them will, after some time, gradually fall off like autumnal leaves.” He also observes, “that a large ant-fly (contrary to other insects) gains by the loss of her wings, is afterwards promoted to a throne, and drops these external ornaments as emblems of too much levity for a sovereign.” But as female ants hold little of the state and none of the authority of queens, he would have spoken of their wings more properly as incumbrances to their new matronly duties, one of which is the construction of chambers in the earth. July and August is their usual season for disrobing.”—*Ib.* pp. 189—191.

Our cricket is well capable of treating upon insect minstrelsy; and a pleasant episode is that on this subject. Had, however, the essay of M. Goureau, on the stridulation of insects, in the 'Annales de la Société Entomologique,' been carefully studied, a few more recent facts might have been added on points of insect minstrelsy, long obscure and ill understood:—

'The instrument of the celebrated *Cicada* (the classic lyre-player)—an insect rarely seen in England,\* but still common in the south of Europe,—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side of the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums form, however, but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior, a bundle of muscular strings; on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound, a hole is expressly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx.

'The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said, by Kirby, to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases, against each other, at their base; but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field-cricket, this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane, tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge, or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which also there is a strong circular nervure corresponding to the hoop of the drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together, producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound.

'What we call familiarly the singing, or chirping grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by application of the hind shank of the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the *Cicada* and the cricket, are provided with their "petits tambours"—membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction—to augment the sound of exterior origin.'—*Ib.* pp. 219, 220.

We close these most beautiful works with reluctance, and have drawn more largely upon them than is our wont, chiefly in consequence of the intrinsic interest of the subjects treated, and of the pleasant style in which they have been handled. The entire getting up, printing, binding, and illustrative embellishments, does infinite credit to the publishers. Rarely have we seen a work in science so attractively adorned, so exquisitely printed, so prettily illustrated. Let us add this, however: the artist succeeds admirably in his real illustrations,—that is, when dealing with entomology, and, generally, with landscape,—but many of the 'ideal'

\* The insect has been found in the New Forest.

illustrations are too hardly drawn to be ludicrous, except it be for this fault. Let him give us the cricket author in his study, or a beetle harnessed to an acorn car, on which sits a golden *Cicada*, and the illustration is to perfection; but when his pencil touches the human figure or face divine, it produces almost a caricature.

The author's style has its objections. His words are always in a state of effervescence. They read too sharp and brisk to be natural. Alliterations abound in every page; and only too frequently is some aged pun brushed up and set on new legs again among these sparkling lines. The scientific information thus put in ball-room dress, is sound and recent. Let us tell our friend Acheta, however, that the ant is a provider. He says nay; and entomologists generally have endeavoured, with much ingenuity, to explain away the declaration of Scripture as to the providing instincts of this humble being. But Lieutenant Colonel Sykes, when in India, discovered a species of ant, which he calls *Atta providens*, whose habits literally answer to the words of the Bible; and he describes the store of food gathered by this insect within its habitation. The ant of Scripture, therefore, was, in reality, a provident creature. It gives us real satisfaction to add, that when a word can be appropriately said to lead the mind up to the God of creation, it is generally given. We wish the volumes success, because they appear to us abundantly to deserve it, and nothing but a very large sale can remunerate the publishers for the large outlay expended in their production.

ART. V.—1. *Sacred Annals. Vol. II.—The Hebrew People; or, The History and Religion of the Israelites, from the Origin of the Nation to the Time of Christ.* By George Smith, F.A.S. In Two Parts. London: Longman and Co.

2. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* By F. W. Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford; and Author of 'The Soul, her Sorrows, and her Aspirations.' London: John Chapman.

AMONGST the most remarkable circumstances connected with the miraculous history of the Jewish nation, is the extremely limited number of original documents relating to it. The Hebrew Scriptures are the sole primary sources of this history, from the origin

of the nation to the return from the Babylonish Captivity. Josephus, who goes over the same ground, has derived the substance of his narrative of this period from this source ; but he has treated the subject in an ambitious and rhetorical style ; and has interwoven speeches of his own invention, and legendary stories of the chief actors, so as to reduce the value of his laborious work to that of mere corroborative evidence of the general tenor of the sacred records. For the remainder of the history, to the time of the dispersion of the nation by the Romans, he is the chief authority, but the faults which characterise the earlier portion are found in this also, so that he must be used with caution ; especially as we have nothing like the unadorned narrative of the Bible to correct him by. The Apocryphal writings supply us with a few facts for this period, and with an animated account of the exploits of the Maccabees ; but they abound with mere fables ; some of which, unfortunately, have such an air of historic circumstantiality, that they have been accepted as facts by some of the greatest Biblical scholars. The Talmud, the Rabbinical writings, and Philo, contribute an almost inappreciable addition to this history ; whilst the character and scope of these works are such as to take not a little from their authority, even for what seems to be credible as annal or anecdote. The most careful and studious researches in the literature of other nations has brought to light little more than allusions to the Jewish people ; and in most cases these allusions are ridiculously false. It was hardly to be believed, for example, that so accurate and philosophical a writer as Tacitus, should (apparently from a misapprehension of what Sanchoniathon says of the Philistines), ascribe to the Israelites a Cretan origin. And even this is surpassed by Manetho, the learned priest of Heliopolis, whose fragments are regarded by Dr. Lepsius as of the highest authority for the history of Egypt ; for he makes Moses (whose name, at first, he says, was Osarsiph, and who had been a priest of Heliopolis), the ringleader of a host of lepers and unclean persons, whom Amenophis, out of his desire to see the gods, had purged the land of ; and who, by the aid of the shepherds of Jerusalem, seized upon Egypt, and kept possession of it for thirteen years ; after which Amenophis recovered his kingdom, driving Moses and his impure horde, with great slaughter, to the bounds of Syria. And these are the only sources of Jewish history.

The great confusion in the chronology of the annals of this nation ; the want of connexion in many parts of the narrative ; the frequent corruptions of the text, particularly where numbers are given ; the discrepancies between earlier and later writers, especially in the genealogical tables ; the meagreness of the accounts of some of the most interesting periods ; and the large

space occupied by episodes of personal and family history; are circumstances equally remarkable. 'We possess,' as Mr. Grote says of the sources of Grecian history, 'only what has drifted ashore from the wreck of a stranded vessel; and though this includes some of the most precious articles amongst its cargo,' yet it is too evident, however grievous and surprising it may be, that much that is of unimaginable worth 'has been irrecoverably submerged.'

Indeed, these circumstances, when the profound interest of this history to the whole human family is taken into the account, seem to indicate a special and providential purpose;—such as that of forcing the attention upon the truths, rather than allowing it to linger on the facts by which they are conveyed; or of precluding the baneful effects of that fond clinging to antiquity, which, in matters pertaining to religion, is one of the most common and most delusive 'idols' that men's minds are led astray by.

Such being the materials the historian has to use, it is not astonishing that wide differences, such as we find between various histories of the people of Israel, both of earlier and of recent date, should exist. Nor is it astonishing that much should yet remain for new labourers to accomplish, in exhibiting the connexion of the various parts of this particular history; and the relation of the whole to the general history of our race; by all the aids that philosophy, and philology, and archæological researches, such as are now proceeding in Egypt, and at Nineveh, can afford.

There is also a further cause of differences between the various Jewish histories that have been already written—the intimate connexion of the story with the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;—and this leads us to the consideration of the means of ascertaining, approximately at least, the value of the labours of any earnest and pains-taking scholar, in unravelling and presenting to us a connected account of the rise, progress, vicissitudes, decline, and dispersion of this people, which once bore, alone amongst the nations, the lofty title of 'the People of God.'

The *scope* of any historical work is manifestly of the first moment in determining both its form and its worth; and must be especially so with Bible story. For this admits, not only of being treated as history, but we are justified by an apostle, as well as by the nature of the case, in regarding it all as conveying personal religious instruction; for, he says, 'all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.' Now, a work written with a view to religious instruction may completely attain its object, and yet be unworthy of the name of a history; and in the same manner, one deserving this title may

be quite unfit for personal edification. The general design of such a work must, therefore, first be discovered, if we would rightly estimate its value.

But there are various ways of seeking either of these ends ; and thus another element is introduced into our estimate. When personal edification and religious instruction is the end, it may be sought by the process of 'spiritualizing' the narrative ; or by the less aspiring, but more certain method, by which we draw lessons of wisdom from the common events of daily life. We know not that any complete history of the 'chosen people' has ever been written on the former of these plans ; but most certainly every character and occurrence, nay, even every particular article of the furniture of the Tabernacle and the Temple, has been treated in this way. The Hutchinsonian scheme has carried out this method of scriptural interpretation to the most objectionable extent possible. We have not now to discuss the doctrine of typology ; but we may be permitted to say, that by regarding the persons and events of Old Testament history as nothing better than shadows of the doctrines of the New Testament, a premium has been offered for the most perverse exercise of human ingenuity ; and all the heart-stirring and affecting facts of that most wonderful and beautiful narrative reduced to a *caput mortuum*, while the fumes and vapours which escaped from the allegorizing crucible have alone been preserved. But we trust this profane system of hermeneutics is almost wholly discarded ; it will be for the advantage of universal Christendom that it should be utterly forgotten.

The other way of seeking personal edification from the history of the Jews is well exemplified in the work, whose title stands first at the head of this article. It consists in the clear and connected narration of the events in their due order, with such remarks interspersed by way of comment or reflection, as may serve to call attention to every example that deserves either imitation or avoidance ; to every illustration of the ever-watchful care of God's all-wise and all-good providence ; and particularly to every instance in which character or deed, or word, seems to look forward to that noontide radiance of Revelation that was poured on the earth, when 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst men (and they beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.' We must, however, return to this part of our subject ; and therefore pass on to speak of the various ways in which the Old Testament records are treated historically.

The rationalizing mythical scheme requires notice first. We shall not say much respecting it now ; for when we speak of the second work named at the head of this article, we must needs

allude to it again. The sober, common sense of England has instinctively shrunk from this monstrous system, whether applied to sacred or to secular history. It accepts traditionary legend as no more than traditionary legend, and minstrel lay as no more than minstrel lay; but it refuses, and on good grounds, to class amongst lays and legends clearly written and unadorned records, whether of personal or of national life; especially where, as is the case with Hebrew history, the authenticity of the records can be most satisfactorily proved. It refuses, too, and on equally good grounds, to reject authenticated records of events because they involve something miraculous. And it yet more strenuously refuses to allow early history, whether conveyed by poetic lay, or in prosaic annal, to be subjected to a sort of critical calculus, like the unknown quantities of the mathematician, whatever verisimilitude in the result may be promised or attained by the operator. It sees that, however high-sounding the pretensions of the historian of this school may be, he has nothing better than his own uncertified conjectures to substitute for what he sets aside; and it prefers the old stories, with their life and beauty, to the best imitations of fact that the rationalist can put in their room. And with good reason; for when so learned a historian as Mr. Grote contemptuously rejects the 'plausible fictions' which the rationalizing logographers, by their theory of 'semi-historical interpretation,' elicited from the national traditions and glorious epics of ancient Hellas, we may, without fear of incurring any blame or reproach, hold fast the early records of our divine faith, and with earnest scorn and indignation bid these petty imitators of the anti-supernaturalists of the continent depart with their 'uncertified conjectures' and 'common-place possibilities,' and 'plausible fictions,' to some congenial clime.

Meanwhile, we will acknowledge that, chiefly in consequence of the labours of the rationalist divines of Germany, considerable modifications have been made of late years, in the way in which these records are regarded; and that other modifications are in progress;—and with yet greater satisfaction we note the fact, that, stimulated by their indiscriminate and sweeping attacks upon the historical basis of gospel truth, an amount of scholarship has been brought to the support and elucidation of it, and a penetration and depth of research displayed, which have not only removed the most distant fear of danger to the truth itself, but re-established, with luminousness unknown before, the whole story of the progress of events in connexion with that truth, from its earliest dawn to its 'perfect day.'

The second plan we cannot state more fairly, than by quoting the words of Dr. Beard, from Dr. Kitto's 'Biblical Cyclopædia;' article — *History*. He says, 'History, and the philosophy of

history, the history of fact and the history of opinion ; the statement of what men have done, said, and thought, and the discussion of what is true and proper ; are two different and very distinct departments of knowledge and art, the confounding of which must lead to perplexity, and may involve us in serious error. The proper way to treat of Biblical history is what we may term *the historical* (in other words, the chronological) deduction of the facts presented, as these facts were seen, believed, and recorded by the several writers. An historian of the Hebrews should, as far as possible, place himself, and aim to place the mind of his readers, in the centre of the mind of each Biblical historian, in order that, by seeing as the Hebrew saw, he may, aided by skill and light which the Hebrew did not and could not possess, present a vivid picture of the several periods that are passed in review. These remarks are not intended to be taken so as to exclude the exercise of criticism on authorities and alleged facts ; but it must be historical, not philosophical criticism ;—criticism whose implements, processes, and spirit, are borrowed from philology, which is the handmaid of history. . . . Philosophy has its own sphere, in which we have no desire to give it disturbance, but we do object to its attempting to pass off its own offspring as pure historical results.’ On which we only have to remark, that although this view is supported by the great philosopher Fichte, it seems to us to be a lowering and narrowing of the historian’s office, to that of the mere annalist ; and that judged by this canon, Thucydides, Tacitus, and a host of moderns, would be displaced from their shrines, and sent to wander, to the astonishment of the world, amongst the weavers of words and framers of theories, and dreamy deluders of dreaming men. We must think otherwise of the functions of the historian.

The last way we shall notice is that which, beside criticising authorities and proving alleged facts, rejects the insignificant, however conspicuous, and draws forth the significant, however obscure ; places the whole series in such a light that the secret of the march of events may be discerned ; and, above all, has so clearly in view the bearing of the whole story on, and the part it plays in, the advancement of mankind, in all that makes man truly man, as to impart life and power to every portion of the tale, and to impress even the most careless reader with the conviction that he has been tracing out the very work of God.

‘It was the Everlasting that passed by ;—

We saw not ; but in cloud o’er cloud arrayed,

Ocean o’er ocean roll’d ineffably ;

Onward, like tide-borne billows, he doth heave

Men’s spirits, each upon his own bark staid.

We to behold his glory’s skirts had leave.’

There is no such history of the Hebrew people yet written ; indeed, such a history has been written of no people. Readers have yet to study historians, as historians have studied the sources of their histories ; and bringing to the perusal of what are only more legible and better arranged annals, every ray of light and every living thought that they have been able to collect out of those despised philosophers, or to strike out by the force of their own minds, to supply what is wanting in our historical works, and so to look behind the shifting and tumultuous scenes pictured in their pages, and recognise His hand, ' who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will ;' ' ruling in the kingdom of men, and giving it to whomsoever he will ;' ' causing righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.'

But beside the scope and design of a writer of the history of the Israelites, the view which he takes of the relation of their institutions to the general plan of God's revelation of his will to man, affects the value of his work. This cannot, of course, enter into the design of one who regards the Old Testament as a mere collection of mythic, traditional stories ; nor, necessarily, into a narrative written on Dr. Beard's historical plan ; but it must find a place in one composed on any other method ; and it must also give a peculiar shade and colouring to the whole.

The simplest and lowest view regards the national establishment of the Jews as a protest of the Almighty against the polytheistic idolatry which defiled and imbruted every other people on the earth. And this was, as we see declared in many passages of the Old Testament, especially in the prophetic writings, *one* end ; but it was not the chief end. Another view represents it as the practical exhibition, to the world, of the great and all-concerning truth, that ' by the works of the law should no flesh living be justified ;' the whole Mosaic system being a ' covenant of works' which, amongst men as they are, and ever have been, must needs be a failure ; and so would prepare for the more glad welcome of the ' covenant of grace' from Him whom God set forth to declare his righteousness, ' that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.' A third view looks upon all the minutely-ordained and burdensome ceremonial of the law of Moses as a system of picturesque and emblematical, or, as they usually say, typical, instruction in gospel truth ; the law being a ' schoolmaster' to all who were under it, ' to bring them to Christ ;' and its ordinances ' a shadow of things to come—but the body, Christ.'

There is yet another representation, which has not received the attention it deserves ; and which includes all that is true in the preceding views, harmonizes them, and raises them to higher and holier significance. According to this view, the law is one step in the progressive manifestation which God has made to

man, of his relations to them, and his claims upon them. First, to the patriarchs, God spoke *individually*, calling them one by one, and blessing each as he 'walked with God:'—next, unto Abraham was addressed the knowledge of *family* religion, and he was required to sanctify all the intimate relations of home by the recognition of God as the inspirer of the domestic affections, and of his claim to be honoured and obeyed in the enjoyment and performance of those most tender and sacred charities; then followed the law of Moses, proclaiming God to be the planter of the social feelings, and demanding a *national* acknowledgment of this profound and universal truth; and, last of all, God sent forth his own Son with a 'new commandment,' and a wider display of his truth; and he, taking up and reannouncing all that the former revelations had taught, showed that the Almighty Maker had knit each man to all his fellows in indissoluble bonds, and pointed forward to the day when such love as he came to exemplify and to make possible below, should so unite men's hearts that mankind should be in actual fact, and not in aspiration, or in figure merely, *one family before God*.\*

Our space does not permit us to carry out this view of the 'Dispensations' into any detail; yet we cannot refrain from pointing out a few things that are contained in it, in the hope of inducing some of our readers to study it, and to use it in studying the sacred history. According to this view religion, that is, the harmony of the individual will with God's will, in filial submission, nay, in personal and vital union of the spirit with the 'Father of spirits,' has been known from the beginning; and nothing else has ever been, except in error and perverseness, called religion; yet, though known from the beginning, it has been better and more clearly known, as one by one God's revelations threw upon man's life here, and upon his infinite hopes and aspirations, a fuller and a steadier light, until it was confirmed in a way that left no room for doubt, still less for opposition, by the declarations of the Saviour. And thus it is that the recorded manifestations of the piety of men of God, from the earliest times, agree so completely with those of later days, that we may derive help and guidance from them as examples, and actually use their psalms and prayers for the expression of our own yearning desires and heartiest praises.

In this view, the whole 'Dispensation of Moses' is not religion; for this is ever individual, and that is national. It could not but be *religious*, for it was an exhibition of the relation of the state to God; but it was not intended to be a religion. Hence, in Psalm and Prophecy, so often, contempt seems to be

\* See Scott's Lectures on the Social Systems of the Day compared with Christianity.

put upon its divinely authorized commands; and spiritual morality is exalted at the expense of blamelessness in ritual observance. This collision of prophet with priest, and of what is everlastingly right for man with what was obligatory only on the 'House of Israel,' is perplexing in the extreme, until it is seen that the law was purely national as law; and the priest a national, or, so to speak, political functionary; and that there was always a tendency amongst priests and people alike to suppose that the political observances of the theocracy were to that people what genuine and spiritual religion was to all others; while the peculiar work of the prophet was to maintain the knowledge of this true religion in the land, and to strive against that mistaken and ruinous tendency. Hence, also, for we know how that error triumphed after the return from Babylon, our Lord's manifest setting aside of the law and its ordinances; and hence the apostles', Paul's especially, vehement rejection of it from any place in, or connexion with, the life of the soul in God.

Above all, this view exactly represents the growth and progress of all good in this world; let each man for himself walk with God, and then will follow true family religion, out of which must grow what alone God can regard as national religion; and from this will spring the 'reign of God' throughout the earth.

Without further study, however, we think it will be admitted that, with this view to guide him, a historian of the 'ancient people of God' might produce a narrative that would not only disperse much of the darkness that yet covers so many portions of their history, but aid in the clearer and more intelligent apprehension of the gospel itself. But we must proceed to the use of the criteria we have pointed out.

The first of the two works before us, which we look at now as complete in itself, as, indeed, to a certain degree it is, reserving till the publication of the concluding volume, our remarks on the plan and performance of the 'Sacred Annals' as a whole; this work, as we have already intimated, belongs to that class whose scope is personal edification. The writer expressly says, in his preface, that his purpose was 'to present a complete view of the history and religion of this nation in a *decidedly religious manner*.' And we are persuaded that our readers will agree with us that he has not failed of his purpose. We know of no work on the subject that would be so generally and so deservedly acceptable in this respect. Its didactic style is not wearying; and so large a use is made of the very phraseology of the Scriptures, and so studiously has the author followed the sacred narrative, that when he first takes Josephus as his principal guide, even an indifferent reader would detect a change in his language. The work bears throughout marks of careful and anxious study, and

man, of his relations to them, and his claims upon them. First, to the patriarchs, God spoke *individually*, calling them one by one, and blessing each as he 'walked with God:'—next, unto Abraham was addressed the knowledge of *family* religion, and he was required to sanctify all the intimate relations of home by the recognition of God as the inspirer of the domestic affections, and of his claim to be honoured and obeyed in the enjoyment and performance of those most tender and sacred charities; then followed the law of Moses, proclaiming God to be the implanter of the social feelings, and demanding a *national* acknowledgment of this profound and universal truth; and, last of all, God sent forth his own Son with a 'new commandment,' and a wider display of his truth; and he, taking up and reannouncing all that the former revelations had taught, showed that the Almighty Maker had knit each man to all his fellows in indissoluble bonds, and pointed forward to the day when such love as he came to exemplify and to make possible below, should so unite men's hearts that mankind should be in actual fact, and not in aspiration, or in figure merely, *one family before God*.\*

Our space does not permit us to carry out this view of the 'Dispensations' into any detail; yet we cannot refrain from pointing out a few things that are contained in it, in the hope of inducing some of our readers to study it, and to use it in studying the sacred history. According to this view religion, that is, the harmony of the individual will with God's will, in filial submission, nay, in personal and vital union of the spirit with the 'Father of spirits,' has been known from the beginning; and nothing else has ever been, except in error and perverseness, called religion; yet, though known from the beginning, it has been better and more clearly known, as one by one God's revelations threw upon man's life here, and upon his infinite hopes and aspirations, a fuller and a steadier light, until it was confirmed in a way that left no room for doubt, still less for opposition, by the declarations of the Saviour. And thus it is that the recorded manifestations of the piety of men of God, from the earliest times, agree so completely with those of later days, that we may derive help and guidance from them as examples, and actually use their psalms and prayers for the expression of our own yearning desires and heartiest praises.

In this view, the whole 'Dispensation of Moses' is not religion; for this is ever individual, and that is national. It could not but be *religious*, for it was an exhibition of the relation of the state to God; but it was not intended to be a religion. Hence, in Psalm and Prophecy, so often, contempt seems to be

\* See Scott's Lectures on the Social Systems of the Day compared with Christianity.

put upon its divinely authorized commands; and spiritual morality is exalted at the expense of blamelessness in ritual observance. 'This collision of prophet with priest, and of what is everlastingly right for man with what was obligatory only on the 'House of Israel,' is perplexing in the extreme, until it is seen that the law was purely national as law; and the priest a national, or, so to speak, political functionary; and that there was always a tendency amongst priests and people alike to suppose that the political observances of the theocracy were to that people what genuine and spiritual religion was to all others; while the peculiar work of the prophet was to maintain the knowledge of this true religion in the land, and to strive against that mistaken and ruinous tendency. Hence, also, for we know how that error triumphed after the return from Babylon, our Lord's manifest setting aside of the law and its ordinances; and hence the apostles', Paul's especially, vehement rejection of it from any place in, or connexion with, the life of the soul in God.

Above all, this view exactly represents the growth and progress of all good in this world; let each man for himself walk with God, and then will follow true family religion, out of which must grow what alone God can regard as national religion; and from this will spring the 'reign of God' throughout the earth.

Without further study, however, we think it will be admitted that, with this view to guide him, a historian of the 'ancient people of God' might produce a narrative that would not only disperse much of the darkness that yet covers so many portions of their history, but aid in the clearer and more intelligent apprehension of the gospel itself. But we must proceed to the use of the criteria we have pointed out.

The first of the two works before us, which we look at now as complete in itself, as, indeed, to a certain degree it is, reserving till the publication of the concluding volume, our remarks on the plan and performance of the 'Sacred Annals' as a whole; this work, as we have already intimated, belongs to that class whose scope is personal edification. The writer expressly says, in his preface, that his purpose was 'to present a complete view of the history and religion of this nation in a *decidedly religious manner*.' And we are persuaded that our readers will agree with us that he has not failed of his purpose. We know of no work on the subject that would be so generally and so deservedly acceptable in this respect. Its didactic style is not wearying; and so large a use is made of the very phraseology of the Scriptures, and so studiously has the author followed the sacred narrative, that when he first takes Josephus as his principal guide, even an indifferent reader would detect a change in his language. The work bears throughout marks of careful and anxious study, and

of a determination to place before its readers, in a manner worthy of the subjects, 'an ample epitome of Jewish history, and a complete exhibition of Hebrew religion, intended, in all its parts, to illustrate the great purpose of God in the redemption of man.' By a very judicious arrangement, the 'numerous and necessary critical disquisitions arising out of the subject' are placed, in the form of notes, at the end of the chapter; the 'unity of the narrative,' and the attention of the reader, are thus never broken in upon by matters which are but subsidiary to the general design of the work. We may also add, that in these notes are many very interesting criticisms on passages of the Old Testament, which will be welcomed by those whose studies have not been directed to a minute acquaintance with the original language of the Bible.

We can afford space for only one or two quotations; but these will serve as specimens of his style, and of his manner of treating his subject, at once.

Of the general idea of Judaism, Mr. Smith says—

'That scheme of religion which God gave to the Hebrews in the wilderness, was not only an elaborate ecclesiastical system, complete in all its parts, and incorporated into the national economy and political administration of the people; it was otherwise remarkable in these several respects. It was based upon the theology of the preceding age, and, uniting all the pure elements and divinely-appointed rites of the primitive dispensation, it perpetuated, in the Levitical economy, all religious truth which had up to this time been given to the world. It shed a flood of light upon God's providential government of mankind, and, by uniting every part of Hebrew conduct and manners, every element of public and private life, with religion, and making national prosperity and adversity contingent upon obedience or transgression, it brought God eminently nigh unto them, and exhibited his law as pervading the wide range of their personal and public purposes, pursuits, and destinies. And, beyond all this, the religious economy of this dispensation, although so elaborate in its detail, and so apparently complete in itself, exhibited clear intimations of the appearance of a future and yet more glorious and effective revelation of grace.'—Pp. 166, 167.

In p. 140, he thus speaks more particularly of what is hinted in the concluding sentences of the last paragraph.

'In another important respect did this Divine Presence, in connexion with the ark, the mercy-seat, and the cherubim, subserve the purposes of grace; it exhibited, in this relation, a remarkable outline of the great scheme of redemption. If it be objected to this opinion, that the typical character of these holy things would not be understood by the Jews of this period; and that, therefore, however illustrative of religious doctrines they may now be to us, they were not then so to them; it may be observed that it does not follow, because the Hebrews

in the wilderness could not apprehend all the typical allusions and doctrinal significancy which were couched under these emblems, that, therefore, they could know nothing of their religious import. On the contrary, it appears certain that this holy sanctuary and its sacred services were intended and designed, not only to afford the means of worship according to the ritual of the law, but also to impress on the mind of the people the evil of sin, its terrible consequences in alienating man from God, the necessity and efficacy of vicarious sacrifice, pardon through atonement, and the blessed results of access unto God (Heb. ix. 9). These great subjects were not formally propounded in theory, but were exhibited with so much distinctness, that men would apprehend the force and intelligibility of the mode of instruction, in proportion as they were obedient to the truth.'

And thus he sums up the whole history he has exhibited:—

'But in order to our having a complete view of the subject, we must not consider this elective and theocratic government as existing merely in the Divine intention, or even as carried into effect in any given period of Hebrew history. It is further necessary that we consider the numerous changes effected in this institution, in accommodation to the unfaithfulness and obstinacy of the people; and also the effects which it occasioned in the general government of the world. With respect to the first particular the case is most astonishing, as exhibiting great displays of goodness, long-suffering, and mercy, in combination with infinite wisdom and power. No sooner had the purpose of God been fully brought into operation by the completion of the covenant, than the unbelief of Israel protracted the sojourn in the wilderness from a year and a half to forty years. When the supineness of the people prevented their taking perfect possession of the promised land, their limited occupation of it was divinely defended. As their religious unfaithfulness rendered them liable to repeated aggressions, God raised up extraordinary deliverers to judge and save them. When it had become fully apparent that, notwithstanding a rich amount of divine influence, applied under the most favourable circumstances, their unfaithfulness was such that the power of their religion was insufficient to maintain their national unity, they were allowed to establish a monarchy. The sovereign having used all his influence and power to promote licentiousness of manners, and the introduction of idolatry, the nation was divided by divine appointment into two independent kingdoms. At length, when these and other causes had consummated the iniquity of Israel, they were successively destroyed, and carried into captivity. Yet, in the midst of national ruin, the identity of the Hebrew people was maintained, and a remnant restored and preserved, until, having completed their sin by their constant and obstinate rejection of the Messiah, the covenant was annulled, and the Hebrews driven from the land of their fathers. But in all this conflict between carnal unbelief on the one hand, and Divine interposition on the other, it is evident that, from the first, the government, which was intended to be a pure theocracy, became more and more unholy in its character. Every change in polity, the various and successive alterations in administration, were

so many aggressions upon the immediate and direct government of God, by the unfaithfulness of his elect. Thus we see the glorious theocracy invaded and corrupted, while the people who were destined to have Jehovah for their king, and all their national interests sustained and surrounded by his glorious and infinite attributes, are found gradually descending to the ordinary level of a minor state, relying for direction and defence only upon human wisdom and valour; until, under the malediction of Heaven, they were deprived of national existence, and scattered over the face of the earth as homeless outcasts.

\* Another important subject is presented to our consideration, in the effects which were produced upon the general government of the world by the national election of the Hebrews. It is impossible that a people could be made to enjoy such special and elevated privileges, without creating a necessity for some peculiar manifestations to the surrounding nations of the actual existence, and resistless operations of the Divine government. Intimations of this abound in holy Scripture. When the several branches of the post-diluvian population were, by the confusion of tongues, dispersed abroad over the earth, their location was appointed, and the bounds of their respective territories fixed, with special reference to the future inheritance of Israel. (Deut. xxxii. 8.) The situation of the elect nation was a first principle in the whole of this providential arrangement. And throughout their future history, Egypt and Syria, Ethiopia and Babylon, Assyria and Edom, and other surrounding kingdoms, were elevated or depressed, were crowned with victory or covered with defeat, generally according to their bearing towards Israel, or the peculiar circumstances and condition of this chosen nation. More than this, the secret of the Lord was with his people. Some intimation of the plagues of Egypt was revealed to Abraham. The requiem of Nineveh was sung by Hebrew bards, while she was mistress of Asia. The doom of Babylon was asserted by the sacred seer before the name of Nebuchadnezzar was known among men. The warlike exploits of Cyrus, and the martial career of Alexander, were not only known to Hebrew prophets, but their principal actions graphically described, ages before those men were born. The universal ascendancy of Rome was published to Israel during the captivity. These are not merely mentioned as interesting facts; as such they deserve very serious attention; but reference is now made to them as proofs that Israel was the centre-point of God's providential government of the world, the key-stone in the great arch of ancient nations. How gloriously does this exhibit the Divine character! How infinite in perfections must HE be, who could so exactly adjust the political mechanism of the world, that while governing all kingdoms in wisdom, truth, and equity, he could make the most prominent events in the history of every nation subserve the interests of his own peculiar people! Men may scoff at Jewish superstition, and magnify the refinement of Athens, the valour of Sparta, the splendour of Rome; but he knows nothing either of God, or of the history of his race, who does not carefully study the Divine administration of the world, in special relation to the Hebrew nation.'—Pp. 744—746.

A few miscellaneous observations, selected out of a long list,

must be added, partly for the sake of more fully characterising the performance of the work, and partly to prevent advanced biblical scholars from expecting more from it than it can supply.

In the story of the combat of David with Goliath, Mr. Smith has attempted to harmonize the narrative, not as the Septuagint translators have done, by transposition, but, contrary to his own principles, by *altering* the account. He maintains, also, that Jerusalem was then a royal city of the Israelites, which does not appear from the subsequent history of David.

The Book of Judith he regards as an authentic narrative, and places the invasion and defeat it records, at the date of the Median monarch, mentioned in the first chapter, about B.C. 650; although the mention of the recent return from captivity, in the fourth chapter, and the name of 'Joachim, the high priest,' with the whole tenor of that part of the tale, would show that the date of the assassination of Holofernes was about B.C. 475. And, although this wonderful passage of nearly two centuries in the course of the march of an army from the Euphrates to the Jordan, is enough to prove the whole account fictitious.

We object to the way in which the sins and errors of some of the eminent characters in this history are rather slurred over, and timidly excused, in a manner quite at variance with the candid truthfulness of the Bible; and so as to afford a justification of the sneers of infidel writers. And we further object to the facility with which hypotheses of miracles are framed to explain certain passages of the story, and then argued from as if they were recorded facts. This is especially to be noted in the observations on the change in the Hebrew theology, which took place during the captivity; and which, indeed, needs no miracle whatever to make it perfectly clear to any mind. But Mr. Smith was desirous of securing to the dæmonology which the Jews learned in Assyria, the sanction of inspiration. It does not, moreover, strike us as at all correct to speak of 'Trinitarian doctrines' as forming part of the theological system of the Israelites. That there are many intimations of the great and awful truths respecting the Deity that are implied in the word 'Trinity,' particularly in the prophetic writings, no one can deny; but these truths were rather living hopes of the heart, than forms of intellectual belief then. And this tendency to impute evangelical '*doctrines*' to the Jews, rather than evangelical hopes and *truths*, appears to us an error that has given a wrong colouring to many parts of this work.

We cannot but think, also, that reference to the works of recent scholars would have greatly helped Mr. Smith in his labours. Dr. Kitto's 'Cyclopædia,' a work of Neander's, and another by Hävernick (misspelt *Haverneck*), are the only really

modern publications that are referred to; Adam Clarke's 'Commentary' being the fountain whence most of his philological criticism is drawn.

Mr. Smith speaks in several places of miracles and prophecies as the foundation of revelation. Now, we must think that the truth of what is revealed, or, in other words, its exact adaptation to man's need—an adaptation which is so complete, that it meets every shade of natural disposition, every degree of mental rudeness or cultivation, every stage of spiritual development in man; we must think that *this* is the basis of our reception of the Scriptures as the record of God's revealed will. Miracles and prophecies, then, corroborate and sustain our confidence in it; but miracles and prophecies are powerless to effect that conviction, which only leads to the earnest and humble reception of Jesus as Saviour and Lord; and which, only, is the dawn in the heart of the faith which saves the soul. Most certainly it is not on miracles and prophecies that the faith of the thousands of unlettered believers rests.

It is very curious to see that this author, notwithstanding his abhorrence of rationalism, has (in pp. 469, 470) given a most rationalistic explanation of Jehoshaphat's victory over the united forces of Edom, Ammon, and Moab; commending it as a 'happy conjecture' of Booth, from whose writings he obtained it.

At p. 482, Russell's 'Connexion' is quoted respecting Uzziah's leprosy; and Mr. Smith is astonished that he should have 'to correct the error of a bishop' in the direction of justifying the interference of royalty in matters which belonged to the priesthood alone. Now, considering that Bishop Russell, at Glasgow, is a *Dissenter*, it does not appear to us at all singular that he should, even in this oblique way, express his approbation of the interference of the secular authority in the things of the Church. One might have thought that the recollection of the *Tulchan* bishops of our first James and Charles would have spared Mr. Smith the trouble that so surprises him. But we have, at pp. 706, 707, a fine protest against the union of Church and State; the concluding part of which we must put in *italics*:—'The government of the province having been, after the removal of Nehemiah, vested in the high priesthood, was productive of infinite mischief; and this alteration can scarcely be accounted for but on the supposition, that *it was now permitted to show the lamentable consequences which must always result from the connexion of civil and ecclesiastical offices in the same person, as a standing beacon for the guidance of the world in all successive generations.*'

In chap. xii., p. 708, *et seq.*, a careful and tolerably complete account is given of the characteristic tenets of the

Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes; Josephus being, of course, the chief authority referred to. We take the opportunity this affords us of pointing out another of the matters involved in that view of the Mosaic dispensation we have before spoken of. Both Pharisees and Sadducees evidently supposed that the national law was religion; but they differed in the way by which its meaning and doctrines should be developed. The Pharisees used *tradition*, as the Anglicans of our day do for the discovery of Christian doctrine; while the Sadducees employed *logic* as the schoolmen did. Neither sect ventured, with open eye and heart, to the record itself; and thus they discredited it, whilst they deluded themselves. The Essenes, on the other hand, seem to have perceived that religion was quite another thing than the Hebrew polity, yet they failed to learn what it was from the prophetic books and the Psalms; and like men by whom a low degree of spirituality alone is reached, who are apt to be dazzled with the brightness of the new heavens and earth that is revealed to their view, they adopted a kind of ascetic cœnobitism, and allegorized the Scriptures as the most seeming spiritual way of getting at their meaning, and certainly as the best way of obtaining from them a sanction for their system. When Mr. Smith says (p. 723), 'Orthodoxy was general,' he surely takes an erroneous view of the condition of the Jews at the time he is speaking of. In the truly spiritual men, then, and at all times, those truths were living which, in the apostolic days, would have led them to range themselves on the side of the gospel. But Jewish orthodoxy, both then and later, was Pharisaism, and not religion at all; that is, not spiritual truth, but traditional ceremoniousness.

The author has not followed the common system of sacred chronology; but he has not given any discussions upon that vexed subject; and, as it is so enveloped in difficulties, we cannot impute blame to him for either proceeding—particularly when we remember the general design of his work. We must, however, confess that we can see no satisfactory reason for rejecting the general scheme of Ussher's 'Annals.' In some details it is impossible to follow him; as, for example, in the dates of several of the kings, and in those of some of the judges. Certainty on these points is, we know, quite unattainable; but we think that Sir John Marsham, in his 'Chronicus Canon,' has done something towards disentangling the confusion of the earlier period; and in the articles, 'Israel' and 'Judah,' in Dr. Kitto's 'Cyclopædia,' may be found discussions which throw great light upon the perplexities of the later period. We must add, that the writer of those articles, Mr. Newman, has adopted, in his 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' a very different view from that maintained in the 'Cyclopædia.' This, however, is

clear in relation to this question ; that the theory maintained by Dr. Lepsius, in the first volume of his 'Chronologie der Aegypter,' recently published, and hinted in Mr. Newman's work, that 40 is a 'mythical number' with the Jews, and so may be represented by 'x,' and have any value assigned to it that the exigencies of research may require, can only produce 'confusion worse confounded.' Let the doctor's own conclusions be our witness and proof. He places the Exode in 1318 B.C. (1491, Ussher ; 1625, Clinton) ; makes the settlement of Jacob and his family in Egypt take place from 90 to 100 years before the Exode (1706, Ussher ; 1840, Clinton), and the visit of Abraham about the same interval before that (1921, Ussher ; 2055, Clinton) ; and reduces the 480 years of 1 Kings vi. 1 (480, Ussher ; 612, Clinton ; 962, Pezron), between the Exode and the foundation of the Temple, to 318 years !

Widely different from the 'Sacred Annals' is the work we must now speak of—Mr. Newman's 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy.' 'History,' truly, it is not, but criticism ; and that of the most partial and destructive character. The perusal of his book affects one, as walking over the ruins of a vast and wealthy city, which the earthquake that had devastated was yet rocking, might affect one. And the melancholy oppression of spirit, the mist that floats upon the mind's eyes, is not dispersed till you have fairly closed his book, and opened the Bible to see for yourself if things are as the 'History' pictures them ; and then you find that they are not so, and that it was only a black dream, a night-mare, that oppressed and beclouded you—with your first waking thought the hideous phantasy is gone.

Not history, but destructive criticism truly. The process is as summary as King Jehoiakim's with Jeremiah's prophecies, which Mr. Newman very earnestly defends. And the 'canon' adopted, although nowhere clearly announced, seems to be nothing more than that grim parody on Merlin of Douay's celebrated 'Law of Suspect' during the Reign of Terror—'*Suspect of being Suspect.*' We have, however, in the Preface (p. iv.) what is intended as a statement of the critical canon by which the author has been guided. 'We explain all the phenomena by known causes, in preference to inventing unknown ones.' But we submit that this would never have led to the incessant use of such terms as these, which occur in page after page throughout the work:—'fable,' 'clearly fabulous,' 'mere romance,' 'apocryphal,' 'justly suspected,' 'obvious exaggeration,' 'exaggeration of legend,' 'legend beginning to drivel,' 'poetical invention,' 'unhistorical,' 'if we can trust our narrative,' 'if we can trust our informer,' 'national tradition,' 'historic reality may be doubted,' 'details must be received with

caution, and a measure of distrust,' 'mythical,' 'questionable,' 'credulous exaggeration,' 'the fictitiousness of all this is transparent,' 'this account must be received with some uncertainty,' 'we are justified in refusing belief to any part of the story.' We could extend this list to the weariness and disgust of our readers. We appeal to them, and to any one that knows what history or criticism is, if there can be either one or the other, when these terms, and such as they, are employed so profusely as they are in this book.

In fact, Mr. Newman has reconstructed the whole story; omitting every miracle, of course, and everything that did not please him, or could not, by any torturing, be persuaded to bend to the shape he needed it in, that it might fit his narrative. Thus, the invasion of Zerah, the Ethiopian, is utterly denied; and that of Shishak is first dismissed with the same dishonour, and afterwards recalled, because there was a possibility of 'accounting for' the spoliation of the Temple treasures without laying the blame on the Egyptian. He has produced a perfectly new tale. If all those irrelevant and obtrusive terms of opprobrium were omitted, we should have, in this 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' one of those 'plausible fictions' of which Mr. Grote says, speaking of the interpretation of the myths of Ancient Greece (vol. i. pp. 574, 575), 'The utmost which we accomplish, by means of the semi-historical theory, even in its most successful applications, is, that after leaving out from the mythical narrative all that is miraculous, or high-coloured, or extravagant, we arrive at a series of credible incidents—incidents which *may, perhaps*, have really occurred, and against which no intrinsic presumption can be raised. This is exactly the character of a well-written, modern novel (as, for example, several among the compositions of Defoe), the whole story of which is such as may well have occurred, in real life: it is plausible fiction, and nothing beyond. To raise plausible fiction up to the superior dignity of truth, some positive testimony, or positive ground, of inference must be shown; even the highest measure of intrinsic probability is not alone sufficient.' And (pp. 577, 578), 'We have thus the very minimum of positive proof, and the maximum of negative presumption: we may diminish the latter by conjectural omissions and interpolations, but we cannot by any artifice increase the former: the narrative ceases to be incredible, but it still remains uncertified—a mere common-place possibility.'

But it will hardly be credited that any one, particularly a scholar, should attempt the reconstruction of a history that comes to us in the form of the Old Testament history. Here is the formula by which Mr. Newman introduces his version of the attack on the Amalekites by Saul, and the slaughter of Agag by Samuel:—'On the whole, it is credible that the following

more tame account comes nearer to the truth.' In another case, he says, 'Such being the outline of things, we might seem able to fill it up without consulting the book;' which, accordingly, he proceeds to do. These expressions are sufficient to show that Mr. Newman was fully aware of the nature of his undertaking.

We quoted Mr. Grote's dictum respecting the labours of the logographers of Greece. It, of course, refers to the poetical and traditional stories, which, sometimes wrought into epic lay, but more frequently handed down orally from one generation to another, contained all that was believed of the men and things of Hellas anterior to the eighth century before Christ. And we think the truth of it is so self-evident, that no future historian of Greece will adopt any other course respecting its early ages than that which Mr. Grote himself has adopted, and which, before him, the late Dr. Arnold pursued with respect to the legendary history of Rome. Now, if from stories that are not only mythical in colour and tone, but in form also, the rationalizing theory can get only 'uncertified,' 'common-place possibility'—what is, in fact, not a whit more receivable as history than the myths themselves—what is to be expected from it when it is applied to such materials as the greater part of the historical writings of the Old Testament confusedly are,—not glowing verse, still less impalpable tradition; but curt, dry annals, remarkable only for their extreme simplicity, the age of whose compilation can be ascertained without the possibility of a very wide error, and which are certified by not unfrequent references to the primary records from which they are compiled? Not even a 'plausible fiction,' not even 'a common-place possibility;' but a most unsatisfactory story, composed of wholly uncertified conjectures, and wanting the very thing which gives to the Hebrew history its convincing character of authenticity and truth—the constant manifestation of the wonder-working power, and of the wisdom of God.

Our space is not sufficient for even the briefest reply to the rationalizing speculations contained in Mr. Newman's work; they are innumerable. The well-known conjectures of the German Neologists are repeated here, although they have been modified and recanted, and refuted too; and many more are thrown out by the author with the same recklessness and fatal facility, that William Taylor, of Norwich, was wont to display in his letters, and essays, and after-dinner conversation. Indeed, it is not necessary for us to attempt any reply. The activity of our theologians, and the enterprize of our publishers, have already put many invaluable works of polemical criticism within the reach of most of our readers; and in Dr. Davidson's writings, and yet more concisely, in Dr. Kitto's 'Biblical Cyclopædia,' all the information may be found which will enable any who are minded to

undertake such a thankless task, to reply to them for themselves:

There are, however, a few remarks on detached passages and subjects, which we are tempted to add, lest any one should suppose that we are disposed to do Mr. Newman injustice. The prophets, as might be expected, receive but hard measure at his hands; they are charged with 'fanaticism,' 'affectation,' 'extravagance,' 'madness,' 'narrow-minded abhorrence of worldly art, skill, science, as producing merely wealth, pomp, luxury, and pride;' Samuel, Ahijah, and Elisha, are 'political schemers;' Samuel is even guilty of 'treason;' the prophecies of the Pentateuch are 'historical,' *i.e.* written after the events had occurred; in other cases 'history has been made out of prophecy;' Isaiah utters in chap. vii. 17—25, 'a sagacious anticipation;' another in some other place utters, 'an unfortunate augury;'—all this was to be expected. But who could have expected that Isaiah's prophecies against Babylon should be said to 'have received either a most accurate, or a most plausible fulfilment?' There is no such alternative possible; the fulfilment *is* 'most accurate.' How is such a statement to be characterised? The destruction of Sennacherib's army, again, suggests this reflection, which is said to be one 'of no little importance;'—'it is possible, and indeed probable, that Isaiah did not write down his utterances against Sennacherib during the turmoil of the war; and if they received their final shape from his pen after the event, he would almost inevitably (without consciousness of it) give point to all the predictions.' Of 'no little importance' truly; but it is, as it shows us, what shifts this writer will resort to, rather than give to these historical documents fair historical usage. In the same spirit it is suggested that Jeremiah revised all his writings, and 'may have introduced changes.' But it is not easy to restrain our indignation at the inventions that are introduced at every turn; and that in face of the declaration in the preface of the book, which we have already quoted, 'We explain all the phenomena by *known* causes, in preference to *inventing unknown* ones.'

We cannot regard it as a fault that this writer, with keen eye, and keener words, detects and denounces the sins and the follies of the heroes of Bible story. Yet in many cases, gentler words might have been employed with more effect; and to judge and condemn the conduct of these men by the knowledge and sentiments of our day, is to overlook one of the first principles in morals; while to hunt about for palliatives, and to be somewhat lavish with excuses, for 'false prophets,' and idolaters and idolatry, is a fault of no little gravity.

One feature of Mr. Newman's work recommends it, for

occasional consultation, to the student of the Hebrew annals, who is desirous of filling up, as completely as possible, the outline of the history of this remarkable and favoured people. It contains not a few of those elucidations of obscure facts which so peculiarly display the hand of a trained scholar; and which are in the highest degree suggestive to the advancing scholar. There is but one passage, the conclusion to the book, that we can quote as an exhibition of the style of the writer; and even that contains evident fruits of his rationalizing criticism, and requires us to put one expression in brackets, in token of our dissent from his opinion:—

‘ It is not intended here to pursue the later fortunes of the Jewish nation. We have seen its monarchy rise and fall. In its progress the prophetic and the sacerdotal elements were developed side by side; the former flourished in its native soil for a brief period, but was transplanted over all the world, to impart a lasting glory to Jewish monotheism. The latter, while in union with, and subservient to, the free spirit of prophecy, had struck its roots into the national heart, and grown up as a constitutional pillar to the monarchy; but when unchecked by prophet or by king, and invested with the supreme temporal and spiritual control of the restored nation, it dwindled to a mere scrubby plant, whose fruit was dry and thorny learning, or apples of Sodom, which are as ashes in the mouth. Such was the unexpansive and literal materialism of the later Rabbi, out of which has proceeded nearly all that is unamiable in the Jewish character; but the Roman writers who saw this side only of the nation, little knew how high a value the retrospect of the world’s history would set on the agency of this scattered and despised people. For if Greece was born to teach art and philosophy, and Rome to diffuse the processes of law and government, surely Judæa has been the well-spring of religious wisdom to a world besotted by frivolous or impure fancies. To these three nations it has been given to cultivate and develop principles characteristic of themselves: to the Greeks, beauty and science; to the Romans, jurisprudence and municipal rule; but to the Jews, the holiness of God and his sympathy with his chosen servants. That this was the true calling of the nation, the prophets were inwardly conscious at an early period. They discerned that Jerusalem was as a centre of bright light to a dark world, and while groaning over the monstrous fictions which imposed on the nations under the name of religion, they announced that out of Zion should go forth the law and the word of Jehovah. When they did not see, yet they believed, that the proud and spiteful heathen should at length gladly learn of their wisdom, and rejoice to honour them. In this faith [the younger] Isaiah closed his magnificent strains, addressing Jerusalem:—

‘ Behold, darkness covereth the earth,  
And thick mist the peoples;  
But Jehovah riseth upon thee,  
And his glory shall be seen on thee:

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,  
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

\* \* \* \*

The Gentiles shall see thy righteousness,  
And all kings thy glory ;  
And thou shalt be called by a new name,  
Which the mouth of Jehovah shall name.  
Thou shalt be a garland of glory in the hand Jehovah,  
And a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.  
Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken,  
Nor shall thy land any more be termed Desolate ;  
For Jehovah delighteth in thee,  
And thy land shall be married to him.'—Pp. 369, 370.

*O! si sic omnia dixisset*, we must say of this passage, in spite of the different views that our criticism has led us to embrace. Surely the perception of this lofty distinction of the people of Israel, that they developed and cultivated the principle of 'the holiness of God, and his sympathy with his chosen servants,' which is so clearly and touchingly expressed here, might have led so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Newman is, to write a history of the Hebrew monarchy, in which, whilst all that is human was exhibited in its humanity, that which is divine would not have been so insultingly explained away or expelled. Surely the wide difference, which he so well marks, between the great tasks of Greece and Rome, and that of Judæa,—and to be 'the well-spring of religious wisdom to a world besotted by frivolous or impure fancies,' towers heaven-high above the teaching of 'art and philosophy,' and the diffusion of 'the processes of law and government,'—might have suggested that the history of the people, whom the 'proud and spiteful heathen' should at length 'rejoice to honour,' and whose 'wisdom' they should 'gladly learn,' must be marked by unmistakeable signs of their 'high calling of God;' and that the divine manifestations of miracle and prophecy, which the Greek and Roman but pretended to enjoy, would be found realized amongst the Hebrews, as the indispensable accompaniments and attestations of the work that was given them to do. Surely, the discernment of what consequences have flowed from the knowledge of the records of Old Testament facts and truths, displayed in this noble eulogy on both king and people, on priest and prophet, might have saved him from such a disastrous undertaking as that of tearing those records to fragments; and then by piecing those he chose to gather up with fancies of his own, of making for the Israelites under their kings, a history as mean and common-place as the vulgarest infidel could desire to see them convicted of. Perhaps his concluding paragraph may yet affect the writer with some

remorse, and lead him, with worthier scope, and a truer criticism, to tell the mournful tale of Israel's glory, and sin, and woe.

There are yet one or two matters connected with this work, that require some notice. In the preface, we find this (p. vii.):— 'One sentiment the writer desires to express most emphatically. True religion consists in elevated notions of God, right affections and a pure conscience towards him; but certainly *not* in prostrating the mind to a system of dogmatic history. Those who call *this* religion are (in the writer's belief) as much in the dark as those who place it in magical sacraments and outward purifications.' We cannot stay to discuss the inapplicability of the term 'notions' to our thoughts of God; although we must note it as not at all consistent with what are called, a few pages before, 'the grand principles of modern philosophy;' it is to the confusion of 'historical faith,' with assent to the history of the faith, that we wish to direct attention. There is no doubt that 'the idea of historical religion' involves 'as essential a contradiction as historical astronomy or mathematical religion.' Nay, more, the man who does nothing but *assent* to the facts of religion, or, even to the truths of religion, is not a religious man. But it does not follow from this, that religion can have no history; nor that what has been handed down to us by a clearer line of descent than any other ancient history can boast, is to be treated as a collection of mythical stories, and insulted with such expressions as those we gathered from the pages of this book. Mr. Newman does not reject with deeper scorn than we do, the substitution of 'historical faith' for the faith which saves the soul. But he also rejects, and with as deep a scorn, the history of this faith amongst men; and on this point, we dissent from him with our whole heart and mind.

A few words from Coleridge's 'Confessions,' contain the sum of what we would put in opposition to our author's hypothesis. 'Christianity is in fact no less than truth. It is spiritual, yet so as to be historical; and between these two poles there must likewise be a midpoint, in which the historical and spiritual meet. Christianity must have its history—a history of itself, and likewise the history of its introduction, its spread, and its outward becoming; and as the midpoint above mentioned, a portion of these facts must be miraculous, that is, phenomena in nature that are beyond nature. Furthermore, the history of all historical nations must, in some sense, be its history;—in other words, all history must be providential, and this, a providence, a preparation, and a looking forward to Christ.'

When Mr. Newman denies that there is any 'historical element in religion at all,' and attempts to fortify his position by a caricature of his opponents' argument, with the addition, 'This

is speciously called "the argument which rests on the *adaptation* of the Christian scheme *to the wants of our nature*;" he surely forgets that though the 'soul' may be *distinguished* from man's other interior or immaterial powers and faculties, it cannot be *separated* from them. One of the most essential conditions of man's existence here is his relation to time; whence springs the historical element of religion; although, by itself, this is not religion at all. He who has religion will soon find out that it has for him, of necessity, a historical aspect; although it does not follow that a man can attain to the possession of religion by resolute adherence to the facts of its history.

And, in spite of that term 'specious,' we hold by what we have already advanced in this article, and of which the writer we have recently quoted says, 'The truth revealed through Christ has its evidence in itself, and the proof of its divine authority is its fitness to our nature and needs; the clearness and cogency of this proof being proportionate to the degree of self-knowledge in each individual hearer.' And with him we add, 'Christianity has likewise its historical evidences, and these as strong as is compatible with the nature of history, and with the aims and objects of a religious dispensation. And to all these, Christianity itself, as an existing power in the world, and Christendom, as an existing fact, with the no less evident fact of a progressive expansion, give a force of moral demonstration that almost supercedes particular testimony.'

The consideration of the special relation of the Old Testament history to the Gospel, naturally follows that of the historical element in Christianity; but we have in the former part of this paper attempted to sketch our view of this question, and to this we would only add, for the sake of those of our readers whose aptitudes and opportunities do not fit them for the study of such subjects, the advice given by Coleridge, 'to an unlearned, but earnest and thoughtful neighbour:—'Use the Old Testament to express the affections excited, and to confirm the faith and morals taught you in the New; leave all the rest to the students and professors of theology and church history! You profess only to be a Christian.'

The publication of this work might be regarded as a 'sign' for the times. And taken in connexion with the unsettlement of opinion in that class of religious instructors upon whom, mainly, the task of upholding the truth will soon devolve, it might suggest that a new plan must be adopted by those whose learning and standing enables them to take the lead in such work as this. There must be no longer any timid discountenance of freedom of inquiry, nor concealment and hushing up of opinions at variance with those commonly held. Ecclesiastical excom-

munication must cease to be employed as a theological argument. Vague denunciations of the names of daring thinkers must no longer be indulged in. Unwritten traditional creeds must be renounced, as well as those handed down in writing, from a far more hoary and venerable antiquity. It must not be held a sign of heresy, to examine questions of criticism by critical canons. Theology must be restored to its rank amongst the sciences. But first, and above all things, it must be proclaimed, that religion is spiritual life—life in Christ; and the efforts of all religious teachers must be devoted to the implanting and cherishing of it;—by the earnest subordination of zeal for doctrines, and zeal for churches, to that zeal which can be content only with the universal triumph of ‘*faith which worketh by LOVE.*’

---

ART. VI.—*National Evils and Practical Remedies; with the Plan of a Model Town.* By James S. Buckingham. London: Peter Jackson.

WE once knew a gentleman who, by some means or other, had become possessed of the idea that of all living writers he was the most truly original—that of all inventors of new and acute theories concerning men and things, he had been the most prolific—that every one was seeking to borrow from him, not money, for he had none to lend, but thought, in reference to which he was a perfect Rothschild; that so mighty the genius and moral power placed by Providence at his disposal, that popular philosophers had courted his society as a master, and even cabinets conspired for his overthrow. *Ego, ego, ego*, was the sum and substance of this man's thinkings. His mental life was the embodiment of a single pronoun. Had libraries, stored with the spoils of the massive intellects of the past, been razed to the ground—had pestilence smitten our philosophers, and reduced the beautiful world of genius to a ghastly tomb—had college bells been suddenly silenced, and professors' chairs rendered vacant by the inexorable spoiler, so that *he* had but survived, he would not, he could not have feared for literature, art, or philosophy, knowing that in himself there was hope for the world. Stars may go out so that the sun remains. And the result was that the man harped on the one idea of his own dignity and superiority, until the whole intellect became impaired, and the mind, which should be healthy, hopeful, and confiding, grew morbid, spasmodic, and

suspicious; and thus, in time, he became the victim of a kind of moral biliousness, which utterly incapacitated him to do justice to the achievements, comprehend the motives, or call forth and nourish the respect and sympathies of his fellows. He walked the earth with the air of a fancied martyr, burdened with a not very well-supported conviction of being too wise, too sincere, too uncompromising for the world. It was his joy and pride to show his wounds, and recount his sacrifices, and denounce his enemies on all possible occasions, whether in season or out of season; and though the effect of such outbursts of egotism and self-complacency was, that some smiled whilst others sighed, the man himself was much relieved thereby, and rose higher and higher in his own estimation, after each of these extraordinary exhibitions of his own utter destitution of a sense of the ridiculous. The consequence was, that this man's powers ran to waste, his mind became contorted, he viewed all thoughts and objects through media coloured by his self-love, he dilated, in his own imagination, from A TOLERABLY CLEVER, into AN INDESCRIBABLY EXALTED MAN; and, could his deepest belief have been expressed in a single sentence, he might very truthfully have slightly altered the Mahomedan cry, and declared, 'There is no God but God, and *I*, the original, the wise, the brave, am his prophet.'

Now the truth was, the man himself was too impracticable to co-operate with any one, and too querulous and egotistical to make and keep friends. He blamed the world because that world would persist in taking him at just what he was worth, and not at his own valuation. He became a moral wreck and ruin in consequence of his refusal to love self less, and humanity more. He might have well served humanity had he been content to work for it in the spirit of brave Milton, remembering that—

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

But he courted idolatry—he sought for martyrdom, and he failed. He was a clever man, victimized and spoiled by the delusive idea that he was a great man.

We believe that we do but utter a simple truth when we declare that egotism, vanity, self-love, are among the most fruitful causes of the injury, if not the ruin of hosts of our men of talent, and that to their influence may be ascribed the sad want of a clear and respectful recognition of the verities of religion, visible in our modern literature. It has yet to be practically asserted that talent is A GIFT and not AN ACHIEVEMENT; that it is BESTOWED, not WON; and that over its exercise nothing like self-will, pride, or selfishness, can legitimately preside. To say that an individual is more gifted than other men, simply implies that

such individual is more responsible than other men, and possessed of a greater amount of power for good or evil. There may be something imposing in the spectacle of power, but in simple power there is nothing loveable, or noble, or worship-worthy. Mere omnipotence does not constitute a God—nor does mere talent constitute a noble man. It is the use made of such powers—their dedication to noblest ends—their consecration by the spirit of religion, virtue, and philanthropy; it is this which imparts dignity to their possessors, and claims, and, in the long run, wins the reverence and the gratitude of their kindred race. Nay, more, we are prepared to contend that such reverence and gratitude must be regarded rather as the tribute of humanity to qualities which are regarded as divine, than as the mere due of the possessors of such qualities. To say that a man of genius serves his race, sacrifices when necessary for conscience, in fact, plays in God's world an honest and philanthropic part, amounts to nothing more than stating that he has not gained the world at the expense of his soul—that he has used, without abusing, the talents committed to his care; in fine, has done, and fully done, his duty. Had such a man done less he would have been fairly chargeable with wrong-doing, and utterly unworthy the respect of his age. The self-sacrificing heroes whose names we breathe with honour and affection, would have been TRAITORS had they not been martyrs in those tempestuous times when 'might, not right,' was the order of the day, by purchasing safety at the expense of the holy and undying principles they bled rather than renounce. The highest and most renowned achievements of heroism and philanthropy in this our world—achievements which have hallowed dungeons, and rendered gibbets as sign-posts on the flinty road of progress, pointing the bewildered traveller towards the better future whose advent they proclaimed—those achievements, if duly analyzed, will be found to have amounted to nothing more than the results of a loving conformity to the will of Heaven, a conformity, without which both gifted and ungifted are poor, mean, abased indeed. We quarrel not with what is called hero-worship—we would render all honour to the really great, or rather to the greatness of which they are the shrines, but we cannot consent to lose sight of the eternal truth that such sacrifices as heroes offer up on duty's altar—such efforts as heroes make in duty's service, could not have been omitted as a matter of volition without criminality, and hence that, however honour-worthy the qualities which dictated them, they are qualities which are absolutely essential to the dignity of the individual.

For these reasons all true greatness, which includes both achievement, and a just estimate of the requirements of duty, is

ever unobtrusive, humble,—vaunting not itself, ‘not puffed up.’ In fact, the moment a man begins to recount his deeds, and show the wounds received in fighting the battles of truth and humanity, we feel very much more inclined to pity than to honour him. What is man that he should fret, and strut, and play all sorts of queer, fantastic tricks, merely because he may have done his little part in rolling onward the tide of universal good? If men would really bless the world, let them content themselves with the knowledge that their lives exercise over that world’s progress a beneficent influence, instead of soliciting the attention of their contemporaries to a recital of their deeds of wisdom, skill, and magnanimity. The true reward of the really wise and good is spontaneously awarded, but never ostentatiously claimed.

These general remarks, though not very applicable to the ostensible subject of the book before us, are in all senses so to the book itself, which is marked by an egotistical and vaunting spirit, detracting much from its real merits, and calculated to expose its author to a vast amount of needless rebuke, sarcasm, and hypercriticism. It opens with a preface, occupying thirty pages, in which our author furnishes the public with a sort of catalogue of his past discoveries, struggles, and sacrifices, and claims an unusual amount of confidence for his present project, on the ground that his predictions and proposals in former days, though mostly sneered at and disregarded, have been verified and vindicated by the verdict of time, and the progress of events. Now we doubt not the truth of the assertions made, and the statements contained in this very singular document;—we simply contend, that it is altogether out of place in a work on co-operation. Our author has, doubtless, been a great discoverer, and in his day, has, WE KNOW, done the state some service; but it does appear to us that such discoveries, services, and sacrifices, should be left for the detection and recognition of others, instead of being proclaimed by Mr. Buckingham himself. Besides, the apology urged for the introduction of such purely personal matters is so simply illogical, that we wonder so acute a mind as Mr. Buckingham’s failed to perceive it. It by no means follows that because he has been often right he is now right. His wrongs in India can offer no possible guarantee as to the practicability or stability of his proposed ‘model town;’ nor can his discoveries amid the ruins of Nineveh, be received as demonstrative of his competency to carry out so vast and difficult an experiment as his proposed teetotal community.

Our author contends, with a quite natural soreness, that he has been ‘most unjustly aspersed and accused as “a visionary projector,” by three powerful parties; sufficient to check, if not entirely to crush, the most carefully considered projects.’ The parties

referred to, are the 'East India Company,' 'the Government,' and 'a portion of the metropolitan press.'

This may be all true enough, but in the work under notice it is thoroughly out of place. The business of the reader is with Mr. Buckingham's project, and not with his wrongs or his wrongers. It is the characteristic of all great writers, that whilst their subject is seen, they are unseen. Egotism in an author, is of all things the most damaging to his works. It has been well said of two preachers, the one fond of show, the other full of the divine fire of religious earnestness, that whilst the first sent the listener away wondering at his genius, the other filled each worshipper with the ideas of eternity and God, so that absorbed by the theme, they forgot the man who dilated on it in such impassioned strains. And the same remark applies to hosts of writers, poets, moralists, and philosophers. Rising with a Milton above earth's clods, we forget the poet amid the starry heights of angel, and the black councils, and grim, hell-moulded forms of demon worlds. In Shakspeare we lose the bard, and see but humanity, in all its diversified aspects, and shades of passion, motive, circumstance, and destiny. But in Byron, we see little save the man,—that fiery, torn, bleeding heart throbs fiercely on every page. The Harolds, Juans, Conrads, Manfreds, are all—all him; material forms in which he clothed the passions which haunted his being, and lashed him into madness,—the hate, proclaiming war most terrible with are probating society—and the memory, raising the ghosts of by-gone things to shriek and gibber around his lonely path; the egotism of Byron is the egotism of madness, hatred, despair.

But a truce to digression; we resume our remarks on Mr. Buckingham. We cannot, we confess, sympathize with this gentleman in his complaints, that the gentlemen who conduct 'a portion of the metropolitan press,' have endeavoured to convey to their readers an impression of his being 'a mere propounder of crotchets and projects, not worth serious attention, and never likely to be realized;' for we find our author confessing to having 'been too early in the promulgation of his views,' a matter for which we most certainly are not prepared to blame him, though it renders it easy to account for the sneers and misrepresentations with which he has had to contend. Truth cannot be spoken too early. As time and tide wait for no man, neither should the deepest thinkers of an age wait for a favourable audience, ere they give utterance to the convictions which struggle for vent within them. Well matured thought, earnestly and judiciously spoken, has a tendency for good, and can never, strictly speaking, be out of season, or out of place. The really important thing is, that gentlemen who propound new views and theories, should

be quite sure before they commence their endeavours, that such views and theories are based on well-developed thought, and amount to something more than mere crude and flimsy fancies. It is easy to set an age a wrangling ; to confuse, alarm, and perplex,—removing old landmarks, and desecrating time-honoured shrines ; but it is not so easy to give to men some substitute for idols shattered, theories dispelled, and associations of thought and feeling broken up for ever. We deny not that every age needs its idol-breakers—its reformers in every sphere, who shall wield the pruning knife with unshaking hands, and lion hearts,—but we demand at the hands of all such pullers-down a full and ample recognition of the truth, that to reform is a nobler thing than to destroy—that MOTION AND PROGRESS ARE NOT NECESSARILY IDENTICAL—and that it is quite possible to move away from the opinions, habits, and arrangements, transmitted to us from the past, without taking a single substantial step towards the higher wisdom, and sublimer conceptions, which, perchance, await us in the future. We are certainly not prepared to hail as a philosopher, every small-minded cynic who, by virtue of his sneers at all generally received opinions, and his wholesale condemnation of the things which are, believes he wins a title to rank with the intellectual luminaries of his times.

It has been remarked by one of our contemporaries, that one great cause of the outcry against Mr. Buckingham, of which he so earnestly, and, to some extent, perhaps, so justly complains, has been the multiplicity of his schemes and movements, which has created an impression unfavourable to his mental stability and concentrativeness. An opinion is abroad, whether well founded or not, it is not now our business to inquire, that the man who attempts too many things, is likely enough to fail in all ; or should success crown some of his endeavours, such success will be anything but complete. Now, in all truth, it must be confessed that Mr. Buckingham's schemes and projects have not been

‘ Like angels’ visits, few and far between ;’

but rather various and many-coloured, as shells on the sea shore, or leaves on forest boughs. Peace, teetotalism, voyages of discovery all round the globe,—British and Foreign Institutes, Ireland's regeneration, parliamentary reform, lecturing, writing, publishing, with hosts of other movements in various other departments of politics and ethics, literature and art ;—all these points, we say, have been included in his range of thought and field of public effort,—and hence, though we blame not his versatility of thought and labour ourselves, we cannot deem it any matter of wonder that hypercritical opponents should have contended, that as too many cooks spoil the flavour of the

broth, so too many projects, some great, some small, must mar the usefulness of the man.

We have only to add, that we quite agree with Mr. Buckingham, that calumny and misrepresentation are the fate of all pioneers, but, at the same time, would remark, that had his patient submission to the common lot of reformers constrained him to omit altogether the preface we have thus freely criticised, and 'to wait the verdict of time,' on the 'merits or demerits' of 'national evils and practical remedies,' the influence and efficiency of the work would have been much enhanced.

The book opens with a statement of the 'Evils of Communism, and the benefits of Association,' on which we do not think it necessary to enlarge; neither shall we dilate at any great length on our author's statement of the 'Existing Evils of Society,' as such statement does not appear to contain anything very new, or which has not so often been said and written by the advocates of social reform, that the subject is worn thread-bare. We are quite ready to admit, with Mr. Buckingham, that it would much tend to the promotion of civilization, by facilitating the free intercourse of nation with nation, were an universal language adopted,—nor are we less ready to admit that evils, both deadly and numerous, flow from the prevalence of intemperance amongst the working classes; at the same time contending that it by no means follows, that the man who denounces intemperance should affirm the dogmata of teetotalism, though of the endeavours of its advocates we would ever make respectful mention. Competition is set down by our author amongst the evils which afflict society in modern times; and to some extent the assertion is correct, but certainly not entirely so. We find that most social reformers are prone to ignore the moral and intellectual claims of the past, to affirm the downright folly, if not insanity, of their contemporaries, and to proclaim trumpet-tongued the transcendent wisdom of themselves. We must beg leave to join issue with these gentlemen on the point just stated, for we are not prepared to dismiss the claims of antiquity as groundless, nor to brand the things which are, as entirely wrong. Amid the fogs and mists of earlier times, truth woke to life, and the germs of an after-civilization were developed. The old sage—the primitive thinker—the man who led his age by the sheer force of a sagacity, which, though crude, and ill fashioned, was, at all events, above the intellectual level of the common herd. Even the poor savage, who heard a voice mightier than all earthly voices, calling to him in the breeze which moaned in his native woods, and in his rude cavern, learned to thrill with vague, yet to him all-impressive conceptions of God, responsibility, heaven, and hell; or, to come further down time's tide, the fierce hordes who

rushed from their northern forests eager for the fray of battle, over-running plains sparkling with the monuments of an earlier civilization, and at length vanquishing the might, lowering the pride, and extinguishing the glory of her, who, throned on her seven hills, commanded and received the homage and the tribute of a surrounding world. These actors on life's crowded stage did not play in vain their varied parts. With all their barbarisms and superstitions, they were the pioneers of better and brighter times—the world was helped onward by the influence of their rude lives; and we need but analyze our modern civilization to discover that it is connected by the many-linked chain of generations with the crude guesses, the thinkings, hopings, and varied struggles, of the more unenlightened past. A contempt for antiquity is, in all senses, as vain and pitiable as a worship of its barbarisms, and a desire to revive its tyrannies and wrongs.

Looking calmly and dispassionately at our own age, we are led to join issue alike with those who believe all to be right, and those who believe all to be wrong—for, assured as we are that all is progressing, we are forced to conclude that in this age there is an admixture of good and evil, and that the strife now raging in the social and political worlds amounts to nothing more than a continuation of the old conflict between those antagonist principles of right and wrong, truth and falsehood—in other words, good and evil—which has ever marked the career of humanity. To say that all is wrong now in a social point of view, is to perpetrate the absurdity of declaring that centuries—tumultuous, struggling centuries—consecrated by martyrdom, brightened by discoveries—witnessing chains of thralldom broken, instruments of human wickedness discarded, justice vindicated in the persons of the oppressed, and truths once preached in tears and blood, throned on the hearts and guarded by the faith of nations;—we say the man who declares that all is wrong now, and gazes at prizes won by struggles so dire and sacrifices so costly with a cynic's eye, in point of fact, declares that centuries have rolled on in vain, and that all their sublime achievements have been as resultless as an infant's rage.

Competition in present circumstances, or rather competition in its present virulent form, affecting, as it does, the peace, nay, the very lives of thousands who are helpless in its clutch—such competition is, indeed, an evil, though, for the time being, necessary; and as we view its heart-rending results, in care-worn, emaciated forms, miserable hovels, tenanted by the creators of the nation's wealth, and the widening and deepening stream of social difficulty, disunion, and distress, we instinctively sigh for the advent of the period described by a poet, so loving, and yet so wayward, as that 'brighter morn' which 'awaits the human day.'

Still we demand, that justice be done to the claims of com-

broth, so too many projects, some great, some small, must mar the usefulness of the man.

We have only to add, that we quite agree with Mr. Buckingham, that calumny and misrepresentation are the fate of all pioneers, but, at the same time, would remark, that had his patient submission to the common lot of reformers constrained him to omit altogether the preface we have thus freely criticised, and 'to wait the verdict of time,' on the 'merits or demerits' of 'national evils and practical remedies,' the influence and efficiency of the work would have been much enhanced.

The book opens with a statement of the 'Evils of Communism, and the benefits of Association,' on which we do not think it necessary to enlarge; neither shall we dilate at any great length on our author's statement of the 'Existing Evils of Society,' as such statement does not appear to contain anything very new, or which has not so often been said and written by the advocates of social reform, that the subject is worn thread-bare. We are quite ready to admit, with Mr. Buckingham, that it would much tend to the promotion of civilization, by facilitating the free intercourse of nation with nation, were an universal language adopted,—nor are we less ready to admit that evils, both deadly and numerous, flow from the prevalence of intemperance amongst the working classes; at the same time contending that it by no means follows, that the man who denounces intemperance should affirm the dogmata of teetotalism, though of the endeavours of its advocates we would ever make respectful mention. Competition is set down by our author amongst the evils which afflict society in modern times; and to some extent the assertion is correct, but certainly not entirely so. We find that most social reformers are prone to ignore the moral and intellectual claims of the past, to affirm the downright folly, if not insanity, of their contemporaries, and to proclaim trumpet-tongued the transcendent wisdom of themselves. We must beg leave to join issue with these gentlemen on the point just stated, for we are not prepared to dismiss the claims of antiquity as groundless, nor to brand the things which are, as entirely wrong. Amid the fogs and mists of earlier times, truth woke to life, and the germs of an after-civilization were developed. The old sage—the primitive thinker—the man who led his age by the sheer force of a sagacity, which, though crude, and ill fashioned, was, at all events, above the intellectual level of the common herd. Even the poor savage, who heard a voice mightier than all earthly voices, calling to him in the breeze which moaned in his native woods, and in his rude cavern, learned to thrill with vague, yet to him all-impressive conceptions of God, responsibility, heaven, and hell; or, to come further down time's tide, the fierce hordes who

rushed from their northern forests eager for the fray of battle, over-running plains sparkling with the monuments of an earlier civilization, and at length vanquishing the might, lowering the pride, and extinguishing the glory of her, who, throned on her seven hills, commanded and received the homage and the tribute of a surrounding world. These actors on life's crowded stage did not play in vain their varied parts. With all their barbarisms and superstitions, they were the pioneers of better and brighter times—the world was helped onward by the influence of their rude lives; and we need but analyze our modern civilization to discover that it is connected by the many-linked chain of generations with the crude guesses, the thinkings, hopings, and varied struggles, of the more unenlightened past. A contempt for antiquity is, in all senses, as vain and pitiable as a worship of its barbarisms, and a desire to revive its tyrannies and wrongs.

Looking calmly and dispassionately at our own age, we are led to join issue alike with those who believe all to be right, and those who believe all to be wrong—for, assured as we are that all is progressing, we are forced to conclude that in this age there is an admixture of good and evil, and that the strife now raging in the social and political worlds amounts to nothing more than a continuation of the old conflict between those antagonist principles of right and wrong, truth and falsehood—in other words, good and evil—which has ever marked the career of humanity. To say that all is wrong now in a social point of view, is to perpetrate the absurdity of declaring that centuries—tumultuous, struggling centuries—consecrated by martyrdom, brightened by discoveries—witnessing chains of thralldom broken, instruments of human wickedness discarded, justice vindicated in the persons of the oppressed, and truths once preached in tears and blood, throned on the hearts and guarded by the faith of nations;—we say the man who declares that all is wrong now, and gazes at prizes won by struggles so dire and sacrifices so costly with a cynic's eye, in point of fact, declares that centuries have rolled on in vain, and that all their sublime achievements have been as resultless as an infant's rage.

Competition in present circumstances, or rather competition in its present virulent form, affecting, as it does, the peace, nay, the very lives of thousands who are helpless in its clutch—such competition is, indeed, an evil, though, for the time being, necessary; and as we view its heart-rending results, in care-worn, emaciated forms, miserable hovels, tenanted by the creators of the nation's wealth, and the widening and deepening stream of social difficulty, disunion, and distress, we instinctively sigh for the advent of the period described by a poet, so loving, and yet so wayward, as that 'brighter morn' which 'awaits the human day.'

Still we demand, that justice be done to the claims of com-

petition by the advocates of co-operation. However earnest the endeavours of such thinkers as Mr. Buckingham to supersede the antagonistic principle of competition, in the name of justice let them not forget that to the influence of such principle—quicken- ing human sagacity, bracing human energy, calling forth men's powers and capabilities, by the exigencies of the conflict with difficulties in which it compelled them to engage—may be ascribed, to a great extent, the civilization and comparative freedom which mark these times. We shall, of course, be re- minded of the defects of this civilization—the existence of which defects we are prepared to admit—at the same time asking whether any structure piled by man can be free from flaws, deformities, and all those other elements which are inseparably associated with the creations of fallibility? But let us glance for a moment at the brighter side of this modern civilization of ours, and note some of its nobler characteristics and more bene- ficent results. It covers the land with palaces, and the mighty waters with the sails of an enterprising commerce. Its energetic spirit may be seen amid the blaze of forges—the costly machinery employed in our varied manufactures—the bustling arenas of trade—and in railways, where steam-power well nigh annihilates space, and runs a race with hoary Time. It encroaches on the retirement of scenes haunted by the memories of our ancestors, and, planting the cotton or flax mill on spots where generations, now silent in their shrouds round village temple, once danced around the maypole, declares that an age of utility has ex- tinguished the age of rustic ignorance and childish pastime—an age which some dreamers, who, whilst dreaming, have been left behind in the march of opinion, would fain revive. It develops human energy and talent, and bids them run their race in the heated lists of competition, and win, by personal superiority, the golden prize. It is doing much for human good, much for improvement. It is a step in advance of what has been, and in the direction of what will be. It is a necessary stage in the great process of national development, and, in many respects, a splendid stage, after all. A civilization which accomplishes results thus mighty, whatever its defects, is not to be condemned at random. It has its evils, its flaws, its sins—and no sophistry can screen these from public execration—but it has its glory too. A civilization which not only piles railways and cotton-mills, but likewise upholds mechanics' institutions, opens school-rooms, and vindicates the Divine principle of religious liberty—giving to Catholic and Jew\* the wave of recognition and the right of

\* The Lords, who rejected the Jew Bill, can hardly be said to belong to our MODERN civilization. They rather resemble the ghosts of an age of racks and thumb-screws, who are suffered for a time to meddle with and thwart the designs and aspirations of their less-out-of-date fellows.

toleration—nay, struggling for the emancipation of religion herself from every form of bondage, that she may be free to restore wandering man to the embrace of his Father, God;—a civilization which, in spite of antiquated prejudices and sour-minded selfishness, gives voice, influence, nay, majesty, to well-matured public opinion—such a civilization we must hail with no small degree of reverence, in spite of its manifold defects; and cherish it as the pledge and assurance of what, under still wiser and juster arrangements, may yet be accomplished for national progress, enlightenment, and freedom.

If all has been wrong, and is still wrong, we should like very much to know the source from whence gentlemen like Mr. Buckingham derived those ideas of Utopia, or ideal society, which they toil so industriously to embody in some newly-piled social structure, some quite novel organization of society? Why, Robert Owen, in the year (we write from memory) 1817, gave utterance to the very meek declaration that all the world had been living in error until then; but that then the truth had gone forth, and 'the old immoral world' must, consequently, give place to 'the new moral world,' of epicurean ease, peace, and plenty. And yet an analysis of his system, vaunted to the skies as the very essence of originality, lauded as a new revelation concerning the destiny of man, proved it to be nothing more than a sort of picnic, made up of Plato's 'Republic,' More's 'Utopia,' and William Godwin's 'Political Justice.' Vain egotism! to suppose that ages have spent their force in vain, and numberless struggles resulted only in a social state, on whose every development the social reformer of this day may justly inscribe his Ichabod! We are the children, the creations, of the past! Its life-blood flows in our thrilling veins. Its solemn memories float around us, and tutor us for the labours of to-day. Its wisdom is our precious heritage; its errors our monitors; its sublime faith in God and immortality our joy and inspiration. We are the architects of the future! It is for us, with God's good help, to determine its form, to lay the foundation of its faith, its knowledge, and its social arrangements; it is for us to transmit to it an influence which shall aid its sons and daughters in the fulfilment of a mission as holy, as solemn, as closely related to the on-coming eternity, as our own. Such is our work, and we believe it must begin WITHIN—in the depths of the individual soul, restoring it to the everlasting, and so bringing about that beautiful, loving, and spontaneous conformity to laws divine—laws, beaming on the heaven-lit page of revelation—laws, written on the venerable walls of this great world—laws, read and comprehended alone by regenerated and morally-enlightened souls—a conformity which would, in the highest

and truest sense, lead to the creation of model towns, by filling our households with model men.

In order that social evils may be removed, and the foundation laid of a better state of things, Mr. Buckingham proposes to form a sort of joint-stock company, for the erection of "a model town"—its size to be about a mile square, and the number of its inhabitants not to exceed 10,000.\* The avocations of the inhabitants are to be agricultural and manufacturing—due care being taken to prevent the health of the population suffering from the noxious influences of factories, by planting them at 'the outer edge of the town,' and excluding, as far as possible, all trades which are known to be injurious to health. The strictest teetotalism is to be maintained in this new community: everything by which intoxication can be produced is to be seized and destroyed as soon as found; all smoking is to be prohibited—tobacco being placed under the ban as noxious, unwholesome, and wasteful. No smoker, or consumer (to however small an extent) of beer, wine, or spirits, need, therefore, apply for admission to the model town projected by Mr. Buckingham. The town is not designed to realize the dreams of men who sigh for a literal equality; inasmuch as it is to be provided with dwellings of every gradation of size and scale, so as to have apartments, suites of rooms, and entire dwellings, from a rental of £10 per annum, up to a rental of £300 per annum. Education, medical attendance and advice, and justice, are to be obtained free of cost by each inhabitant; and all parents, who desire it, can place their children under the care of competent nurses, being at perfect liberty 'to visit them at all times, or to have them at home when desired, as at present with children sent to schools.'

'The sanctity of the marriage vow to be admitted as equally binding in religion as in morals, and female purity to be protected by the arm of all.'

Large establishments are to be provided for the purposes of cooking and washing—'refectories, or restaurants,' to be opened, 'at which persons may join the *table d'hôte* at given hours, for breakfast, dinner, or tea, at a comparatively trifling expense, and dine better than they could alone; though, in case of sickness or peculiar\* tastes preferring such isolation, meals, at a somewhat increased rate of cost, may be supplied at their own homes; and families, not caring for the increased expense, might, if they preferred, live entirely to themselves.' The town would also be provided with baths, 'a public promenade, or park, embellished with the usual auxiliaries of fountains, arbours, and flowers,

\* We should rather say, very NATURAL tastes.—ED. *Eclectic*.

in every variety; a botanical garden, and living collection of natural history, a gymnasium for athletic exercises and manly games, and a public cemetery, rendered as beautiful as they are usually gloomy.' We have only space to add, that perfect religious freedom and equality is to be maintained—each congregation choosing its own pastors, and regulating its own affairs—and that provision is to be made for the establishment of similar towns in other parts of the kingdom, with the gradual increase of population.

If individuals are found willing to join hands for the construction and organization of such communities as the one now described, we know of no law which forbids the enterprise, whatever we may think of the probabilities of success. So long as men do not attempt to interfere with the free thought and action of their neighbours, we should certainly hesitate to limit their experiments in social science—believing that, in the long run, it will be found that the more experimenting, the greater the development of wisdom, skill, and truth. Nay, more, we feel that our present social organization abounds with flaws and anomalies so glaring, that we are not in a position to be decently censorious at the expense of the champions of change and progress, even though the change proposed may wear in our eyes an aspect of impracticability, and the progress contemplated seem to lead towards the rocks and quicksands of failure and disappointment, rather than the plains of peace, virtue, and enlightenment. From the moral sewers of modern England, where want, crime, and vice, lie weltering, a voice peals forth rebuking the censorious conservator of the things which are, in that language of the Holy Book, 'Physician, heal thyself.'

It by no means follows, however, that because our present social arrangements are defective, we are therefore bound to accept, as a panacea for existing evils, every nostrum which speculative gentlemen may either invent for themselves, or borrow from the writings of their forefathers or contemporaries. It is one thing to believe that radical reforms are necessary, but quite another thing to repose faith in plans for setting society right by inducing its wisest and best members to quit its ranks, and locate themselves in model towns, far away from the din and strife amid which the masses of their fellows toil their way onward towards the wondrous future. And this suggests the first objection we have to raise to Mr. Buckingham's proposal, viz., that it would necessarily deprive society of the personal influence of the very men and women who teach and improve the members of their several spheres. It must be obvious to all who will pain themselves to reflect on the subject, that such a town, except it is to degenerate into a mere social bear-garden, must be peopled

by a carefully selected, in fact, a PICKED population. Anything like an indiscriminate selection of experimentors would necessarily terminate in failure. It might be, perhaps, easy enough to 'go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in,' but the difficulty would be to keep them quiet and harmonious when they were in, for none, save the well-trained, the self-controlled—beings of lofty ideas and matured moral power—beings who constitute the moral life-blood of the age which nurtures them—we say, none save they could so far grapple with, and accommodate themselves to, the new, strange circumstances which would then surround them, as to maintain that concord without which even a model town would soon degenerate into a vortex of 'confusion dire.'

It follows, therefore, that Mr. Buckingham, and like thinkers, propose to induce the very men to quit the ranks of society who are of all men the most necessary to its progress and improvement. He demands 'men of thought,' and 'men of action;' wise men, disciplined men, self-denying men, men who have risen superior to the dominion of all grosser passions, and learnt that sublime wisdom which quails not before difficulties, faints not when troubles come and sacrifices are demanded, pauses not to weep over the wreck of fairest hopes, and the fragments of shattered schemes, but calmly, bravely presses on o'er duty's stony path, knowing on earth but one interest—the interest of humanity, heeding the monitions of but one will—the will of creation's God. If Mr. Buckingham cannot obtain such men, his scheme must prove a failure; if he *does* obtain them, he does so at the expense of the community they now teach, lead, and inspire. We repeat it, these are the very men who ought not to quit the ranks of our imperfect society, just because these are the men society cannot on any terms afford to lose. Such men should remain just where they are, and help to widen and deepen that undercurrent flowing in the direction of changes, which, though now Utopian, and chimerical, will become practicable and realizable, when, by the influence of such teachers, the people shall have been rendered wise, pure, and holy enough to make the attempt. New worlds are of silent, gradual growth. Above us, in midnight's starry dome, they are fashioned and refashioned, so quietly, so progressively, that no ear catches the echoes of the huge process of world-making, and the stars as they watch the progress of those workings of omnipotence, behold ages advance from the cradle to the tomb, ere they sing the natal song of each new trophy of his skill—

'Who moulds, who fashions, and controls the whole.'

And new worlds of social being are also of gradual growth. They

come not at the beck and call of dreamers or enthusiasts, however prophetic their dreams, or amiable their enthusiasm. The foundation stones of such structures are laid in the souls of individuals; the process of construction is carried on at firesides. As each man's ideas grow clearer, and surer—as evil loosens its hold on the heart, softened, subdued, and regenerated by the solemn discipline and teachings of the Cross—as the idol of self gives place to the holier claims of humanity—as time becomes more and more a school-room of progress, and probation, and eternity, a sterner and more veritable fact,—the work of formation goes gradually, but surely on. Heart tutors heart—fireside communicates its holiest impulses and sympathies to fireside—man, noble in his sphere, imparts to other spheres the influence of his faith, and the moral power of his obedience to the eternal law,—and thus, though meantime ages glide away, society heaves with a new life—the popular heart is impregnated with diviner feelings, once dominant evils become impossibilities:—institutions are modified, wrongs redressed, the smiling face of better things beams in the horizon of the future; and at length a new Utopia is colonized; old things pass away, all things become new, and a fresh step in its wondrous career is taken by the human world. For these reasons, whilst we have every faith in the efficiency and practicability of wise and Christian co-operation, we altogether doubt the possibility and desirability of the establishment of organizations, so purely mechanical and arbitrary as the proposed ‘model town;’ which we believe would either break down the individuality and independence of the individual, or rapidly degenerate into a kind of human hornets’ nest—each man stinging his neighbour, and in turn stung himself.

And this brings us to another objection we feel bound to raise to the proposal now under notice; viz. that it would necessarily involve the necessity of an arbitrary interference with the free judgment of individuals. If such a piece of social mechanism is to work harmoniously, all its component parts must be adjusted to the greatest nicety. A handful of strong and resolute wills in arms against the dictum of the ruling powers, would either upset the harmony of the whole, or have to be put down by arbitrary might. A teetotaler, for instance, who, by some means or other, came to the conclusion that it were well he took a ‘little wine’ for his ‘stomach’s sake;’ or that the consumption of a certain portion of tobacco ought not fairly to be placed in the category of sins; would either be expelled from the ranks of the teetotal community, or compelled to submit to the arbitrary dictum of the majority. We question very much whether such a man could be safely allowed even to promulgate his pro-wine and pro-tobacco hypothesis, for that might end in his making proselytes,

and the multiplication of proselytes would be tantamount to the extinction of harmony, and the introduction of discord. We do not, of course, mean to deny that each man joining such community would be fully acquainted at the outset with the terms of his admission, and hence could not complain of the restraint imposed. True, but it is just possible such man might change his opinions, and in that case his change of sentiment, on a question CONCERNING WHICH DOCTORS DO DIFFER MOST MARVELOUSLY, would, in point of fact, be punished by his expulsion from a society, perchance hallowed by hosts of dear and holy associations, and his being in all probability subjected to serious pecuniary loss.

We might multiply illustrations of the force and pertinence of this objection, but we deem the one now given quite sufficient for our purpose. The elevation of human nature can only be accomplished by means which harmonize with its constitution, and are equal to its wants. Now if the degradation of humanity be traced to its original source, it will be found that that source is in the human heart, and not in outward circumstances,—and hence, that until that heart is sanctified and uplifted by the regenerating and evil-subduing influences of religion, mere outward circumstances will be improved in vain.

Again, we very decidedly object to representing happiness as life's great end and object, or appealing to man's desire for ease for the purpose of securing his co-operation in the work of social reform. Goodness, or oneness with God, is life's greatest, highest end, and out of such goodness flows happiness, though not always, perhaps, such material and transient happiness as epicureans would desire. Piety in the hovel may light the lamp and shed abroad the emotions of truest bliss. The palace without piety, is, after all, but the gorgeous environment of a degraded, and, in the *highest* sense, unhappy soul. We care not how much the social circumstances of the people are improved, but we cannot consent to blink the fact, that the permanent improvement of social circumstances must depend on the moral elevation and enfranchisement of those human millions whose mission it is to master the evil with which such circumstances may be allied, and to purify them by the influence of their lives.

For these, and many other reasons, to which we have no space to refer, we are induced to withhold our approbation from Mr. Buckingham's 'model-town' scheme, though, should such scheme be tried, we should rejoice indeed to find our predictions falsified, and success crowning the endeavours of the men and women embarking in it. The point on which we would fasten the attention of our readers, is simply this:—Social reform is necessary, but such reform to be healthy, noble, enduring, must begin

within. Not by the agency of any species of material machinery, however cunningly devised, or elegantly formed, can society emerge from the clouds and rank fogs of sin, slavery, and wretchedness, and bask in the light of holiness, liberty, and peace. Such mighty changes must be achieved by the moral power of individual goodness,—the might of well-proportioned character, and the transforming influence of hearts charged with the spirit of truth and God. After all, that man is the wisest philanthropist, and most influential reformer, who begins his labours by playing the part of idol-breaker at his own fire-side, and seeking, by aid divine, to conquer the downward tendencies of his own heart. To teach reform is, indeed, a noble thing, but to LIVE reform is nobler still.

---

#### A PILGRIMAGE TO UTOPIA; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VISIONARY.

[In giving insertion to this article, and the series of papers which are to follow it, we wish it to be distinctly understood that for some of the opinions which may be advanced on social and political questions, we must decline holding ourselves responsible. Feeling it to be impossible to allow free play to the powers of a writer, if he is to be tied down to the very letter of every opinion we may entertain ourselves, we are content to allow our contributor to have his say in his own peculiar fashion, reserving to ourselves the right to dissent from his conclusions, and controvert his sentiments, whenever the interests of truth may appear to demand it.—ED. *Eclectic*.]

I HAD just sat down to commence my promised series of papers on the wanderings of my own mind through error's mazes in search of visions, when a sudden stop was put to my meditations, by the precipitate entrance of a very Radical friend,—in love with Free-trade, Suffrage Extension, Ballot, Equal Electoral Districts, No Property Qualification, Triennial Parliaments, and, moreover, a right devout believer in every jot and tittle of the principles of political economy. Horror was depicted in his countenance—the fire of a righteous indignation flashed from his eyes—he wore the aspect of a man but just escaped from the hellish clutch of the furies, or some over-excitable enthusiast whose bubble Utopia had suddenly collapsed—whose anxiously-watched mountain had brought forth a mouse.

'I have come, sir,' began my friend, 'to ask you to help me to unmask a traitor—to put down a man who has betrayed the people's cause, sold himself to the oligarchy, and who now presumes, at this time of day, too, when our Reform Association is making the Whigs tremble on the Treasury benches, to advocate the claims of absolutism! Look, sir, read'—he continued, throwing down a neat, but unpretending looking pamphlet—'there, sir, is the death-warrant of the popularity of Thomas Carlyle, signed by Thomas Carlyle himself. He has done for himself now, sir. The mask of liberalism is torn off, and he proclaims himself to have been all along a mere Tory in disguise.'

'Indeed!' I replied; 'are you sure of all this? Is it *certain* that the Whigs are, at the present time, afraid of the National Reform Association, and that the large meetings and dashing speeches have set Lord John a quaking? This were strange enough, if true; for, obtuse, obstinate, and loth to move, as his lordship usually is, he has never as yet shown signs of cowardice,—and as for his quaking in his seat because a few meetings have been held, and a few thousands subscribed, I think that such symptoms of nervousness might, very safely, have been postponed a little longer.\* And you tell me, too, that Thomas Carlyle is a traitor—has sold himself—betrayed the people, and in this little pamphlet signed the death-warrant of his own popularity. Now in the first place, good sir, without even, for the moment, looking into the pamphlet in question, I am prepared to dispute the accuracy of all you say, from my own knowledge of that deep-thinking, far-seeing man, and of the mode and manner in which you very radical and democratic gentlemen manifest your liberality towards all who may either not go so far as your Shibboleth would conduct them, or who view questions of change and reform from a different point of view to yourselves. The man who has infused into our modern literature an earnestness of spirit all but unknown before—the man who has uplifted authorship from the dilettanteism of a mere profession, and invested it with the solemn mantle of a mission—the man who has dared to rebuke shams, sitting in high places, whether surpliced, coroneted, or sceptred and crowned—the man who, with a chivalry of spirit only equalled by the industry which won success for its designs, ungibbeted a Cromwell, and bid an age, then shouting "Hypocrite! and impostor!" listen to the fierce, yet earnest, throbings of that lion-heart—the man, in fine, sir, who wrote "Sartor Resartus," over whose wondrous pages many a wanderer from his Father's shrine, many a poor, bewildered doubter, who has drifted from his moorings on "the Rock of Ages," has wept hot tears of agony, as his own moral likeness has seemed depicted, and a voice from the icy depths of "the everlasting Nay," has declared, "Thou art the man;"—such a man, sir, is not to be decried and calumniated merely because he may not choose to quit his serene elevation as a thoughtsman, and try his paces in the lists with legions of nimble, off-hand, dashing,

\* In spite of our friend's doubts, we fancy that Lord John is not so obtuse as to fail to perceive that the National Reform Association, or perhaps we should say, the National Reform MOVEMENT, will yet constitute one of his greatest difficulties.—ED. *Eclectic*.

and glib-spoken agitators,\* who stand forward to commend to the notice of the right-easily excited public some recently-discovered nostrum, for the cure of all the evils, real or imaginary, from which the body politic may be suffering. Besides, sir, is it not true that the great majority of politicians take their opinions from their party, instead of individually working them out for themselves, by earnest meditation? And are not party opinions much oftener based on all sorts of expediences, trimmings, half-thinkings, and philosophizings (if I may so far profane the name) within some narrow, mill-horse circle, beyond which they care not to wander—amounting rather to crotchets, or crudities, raked out of the shallows, than eternal truths dug out of the deeps, of thought, where all true seers sit and muse until heaven's own light flashes into their waiting souls, and they become prepared to give something better to the world than mere negations, or the dry husks of political dogmas, or oft-propounded, worn-out plans for pulling down and destroying the institutions which have weathered the storms of ages, without any reference to the conservation of those eternally true ideas and principles of which such institutions must be the embodiments, or they had not thus long stood their ground in this wayward, changing world? Why, sir, there are few departments of human thought and energy in which there is more smattering and empty babblement than in the department of political agitation. The man who is at once possessed of the largest share of cool assurance, and has at his disposal the most miscellaneous collection of popular common-places about "The elevation of the long-suffering masses"—"The enfranchisement of industry"—"The ulcers which class-legislation has created in the body politic"—"The pealing shouts of a liberated nation"—and so on, and so on, and so on—such man will, in most cases, prove the most successful agitator; whilst the deeper-thinking, keener-sighted man, who accustoms himself to look through the forms and shows of things to their essence—who is not content with a goodly number of charmed phrases, and demands realities, and not pompous, big-worded shams and quackeries,—such a man will, in most instances, be denounced by some as inconsistent, by others shunned as impracticable, and make no way against a brazen, wordy demagogue on the score of popularity. I have not yet forgotten a sapient Reform-meeting in Drury-lane Theatre, which lacked sufficient patience to listen to the calm, clear, well-considered sentences of Edward Miall, the thinker, in consequence of its intense anxiety to drink in the noisy nothings of a remarkably celebrated orator, who, it was supposed, would be exhibited to an applauding public in the course of that evening's performance.† Depend upon it, sir, that wind is as necessary to the cause of agitation, as to the progress of sailing vessels. The most popular orator is, in too many instances, the man who speaks on the undertaker principle, of making much noise, and doing but little work. Alas! alas! how much of our modern platform eloquence is

\* Charity, friend—charity. The people must have tribunes.—ED. *Eclectic*.

† It was a splendid meeting, though, that Drury-lane gathering, but its influence was much marred by the outburst of bad taste our friend refers to.—ED. *Eclectic*.

tongue, all tongue! How true is it that the man who can the most adroitly use that most "unruly member," even though his IDEAS should flow forth on a quite HOMŒOPATHIC principle, will usually pass muster as a celebrity, and mount the summit of his mean ambition, as the recipient of what a reporter once described as "excruciatingly enthusiastic applause." My friend here exhibited signs of impatience, and was about to commence a warm-tempered defence of what I will here describe as *the high-pressure species of oratory*; but I at once admitted, for his pacification, that many glorious examples might be found in the Reform ranks of eloquence and pathos, combined with wisdom and sound philosophy, and so managed, without further interruption, to conclude my observations: 'I suspect,' I continued, 'that one great reason why yourself and hosts of brother Radicals are disposed to blackball Thomas Carlyle is, that his thinkings on the great questions of Government, Reform, Social and Political Progress, have been broader and deeper than your own. You have taken up certain notions concerning the Suffrage, Taxation, and Parliamentary Reform,—and those notions you would vindicate by bringing to bear upon Government that mighty something called "the pressure from without." You argue, and I feel bound, for my own part, to protest against your conclusions, that an extended franchise, a reduced taxation, a popularized House of Commons, would *necessarily* redress the evils of which millions now complain so unceasingly, and realize that vision of an enfranchized population, in the fond contemplation of which some of earth's most patriotic sons have in all ages rejoiced. And yet, sir, what are all these proposed changes and reforms, concerning which your orator friends declaim, and often so bombastically, but so many means to certain ends? Why, who shall say that it *NECESSARILY* follows that, because these changes are accomplished, the people of England will be really enfranchised? *THE VOTE, THE BALLOT-BOX, WILL NOT ENFRANCHISE A MAN!* Some of the veriest slaves in all England may be found in the ranks of English voters. The franchise may confer power, but it will not impart capacity to use such power aright; nor will it necessarily provide leaders and heroes to guide the people onward towards a closer and more intimate conformity to those eternal laws—a defiance of which, such as, for the present, we are, alas! doomed to witness, entails on individuals and nations an irrevocable retribution. It is quite possible to have "Manhood Suffrage," without having, as a consequent, an emancipated population. For my own part, I am prepared to contend that the great want of the people in this our day is *GENUINE GOVERNMENT*—the rule of right within, the rule of justice, the sway of the age's greatest minds without. It is not simply what you style the franchise the masses need, but *freedom*, guidance—a closer walk with the Everlasting, whose solemn and unchanging laws begirt the pathway of each and all. You may smile, sir, but the experience of future days will prove that I am right. The people want government, I repeat, instead of the red-tape make-believes they have so long had cause to execrate as the Old Man of the Sea of their sad experience; and I am no more assured that this earth is ruled by a justice unchanging, and a love

supreme, than assured that it is quite possible to have all you seek for—aye, even to behold our patriotic friends, the Radicals, on the Treasury benches, and all their professional agents in snug posts of influence and comfortable emolument, without witnessing the elevation of the people to dignity, freedom, happiness—in other words, obedient to the dictum of those stern decrees which peal in our ears, if we choose but to listen, the declaration, which some shallow word-retailers will, doubtless, see fit to decry, viz., that none, save the greatest of an age, are capable of ruling; and that the great business of each age is to discover these heroes, and lovingly follow and honour them when found. If many of our popular platform orators were to stand their examination for what I will here call the degree of A. H., or age's hero, and some such thinker as Thomas Carlyle occupied the Professor's chair, how think you would they pass muster? Might not some of them be doomed to submit to the process vulgarly styled "PLUCKING" by our Oxford students?' 'Yes, sir,' warmly retorted my excited companion, 'they might be rejected by a man like Carlyle, who evidently hates Radicalism, and loves our usurping, feudal aristocracy. But the people love and trust them, and the people must judge for themselves as to who shall be their leaders.\*' 'True,' I replied, 'and it is the people who must take the consequences of their own thoughtless blunders, of which division, heart-burning, ignorance, crime, and oppression, are some of the concomitants. "They sow the wind and reap the whirlwind," generation after generation. I am not now denying that the people have a right to be quacked, hoodwinked, and misled, if they think proper,—I am merely stating certain truths which I would have them ponder, instead of deluding themselves with the idea that all they require must be done for them, and that what you call Parliamentary Reform is the *sole* thing needful.'

My friend, evidently thinking me incorrigible, rose to leave. 'Yet one or two words more, and I have done;' I continued,—'Has it ever occurred to you Radical gentlemen that you are fairly open to the charge of narrow-mindedness and bigotry in your treatment of opponents? For instance, by what right do you denounce each man as an enemy to the people and a traitor to the cause of freedom, whose interpretation of justice and conceptions of reform differ from your own? Who are you, gentlemen agitators, that you thus coolly profess to monopolize the wisdom and patriotism of the age?'

'Whence comes your patent right to denounce, to brand, to declare unworthy credit or respect, the man who persists in doing his to-day's work in his own way, instead of slavishly imitating yours? Truly, gentlemen, there is a political, as well as a theological popery, and some of you have set up as Popes, dealing in anathemas, bulls, and many other of the things usually supposed to belong solely to "the man of sin." It is quite possible, gentlemen, for a man to love reform very much, and yet to heed your organizations for obtaining it very little, and I have yet to learn that a want of faith in an association or associations amounts to a sin. We must have toleration in agitation

\* We very cordially echo the assertion. It is for the *people* to say who shall possess their confidence.—ED. *Eclectic*.

as in everything else,—and the man who outrages the principles of free thought and speech in the person of his neighbour, may, indeed, be vaunted to the skies as democrat and patriot, but in point of fact such a man is but a tyrant disguised.\*

This was too much for my excited friend. Swelling with ire he made a precipitate exit, and I was left to meditate on the mightiness of prejudice, and Thomas Carlyle's latest work.

The following is a copy of the title-page of this strange, yet withal forcible production:—

*'Latter-day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. I. The Present Time. London: Chapman and Hall.'*

I can well conceive the emotions with which the party-politician—the man who but skims the surface of the ocean of truth, taking good care to keep close in-shore, will peruse these pages, and how flippant and unscrupulous the abuse with which, in some quarters, the work will be saluted. It is not a party pamphlet, but a pamphlet for the perusal of the thoughtful men of *all* parties. The mere agitator—the man who lives, moves, and has his being in the hot atmosphere of excited assemblies, will fail to comprehend it, and doubtless ridicule it as mystical and impracticable. The purely destructive Radical, whose ideas concerning change—reform, are confined to the work of pulling down, and who has no conception of the great truth that it is the business of the wise to *conserve*, e'en whilst they *destroy*, and that he whose notions of improvement do not include *construction* as well as *destruction*, is incapable of wisely and successfully directing the progress of his fellows,—such a man will doubtless raise the cry of Toryism, and sundry other cuckoo cries, equally just, sapient, and convenient. And yet the Tory party will most assuredly condemn this production for the resolute, fearfully stern denunciation which it contains of continental monarchs, who are described as 'poor histrios,' '*conscious* that they were 'but playactors'—'miserable mortals, enacting their high-life below stairs, with faith only that this universe may perhaps be all a phantasm and hypocrisis,' when the black flag of revolution was suddenly uplifted in Europe in 1848, and 'the truculent constable of the destinies' addressed them in the following unsparing terms:—'Scandalous phantasms, what do *you* here? Are "solemnly constituted impostors" the proper kings of men? Did you think the life of man was a grimacing dance of apes, to be led always by the squeak of your paltry fiddle? Ye miserable, this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's fact, and you, I think—"had not you better be gone?"'

Queer sort of **TORYISM** this! It is sound philosophy, eternal truth though, whatever some men may choose to style it. It *was* a pitiable

\* Though we are not disposed, like our friend, the author of this paper, to think lightly of the importance of political organizations for the furtherance of reform, we agree with him, that far too much bitterness, one-sidedness, and intolerance, have been sanctioned in connexion with political agitation, and hence commend his remarks to the calm consideration of our leading reformers.—ED. *Eclectic*.

spectacle, that spectacle of flying monarchs, and kingless, wild, rulerless peoples! Proof that rottenness had eaten out the heart of authority—that kings had lost all kingliness, and been discarded as shams, alike by Providence Almighty, and their reprobating subjects;—that rule had grown into an impossibility, in consequence of the bare-faced stupidity, recklessness, and incompetency of rulers, and hence that once more were struggling nations doomed to sail on the storm-tossed sea of anarchy, in quest of heroes—able men—men with right regal qualities, who could undertake and skilfully execute the task of re-establishing order, and evolving faith, stability, and Government from the over-boiling cauldron of revolutionary confusion. This is Mr. Carlyle's first proposition. The poor old Pope led off the grim dance of Chaos. The occupant of St. Peter's throne sounded the key-note of the horrid chorus of lawless, kingless nations. Even he, one of the age's least plausible and tolerable shams, set up as reformer, and from his cobweb-covered throne of infallibility, appealed, New Testament in hand, to the eternal law of truth and 'veracity.' 'Law of veracity,' indignantly exclaims our author,—'what this Popedom had to do by the law of veracity, was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men; honestly to die, and get itself buried.' And the signal fire of change, lighted at the Vatican, soon blazed through Europe. Barricades flew up as though a demon magic had been let loose upon the world. Monarchs, pale with fear, fainting from an inward consciousness of their own utter helplessness and worthlessness, sought safety in flight and exile. The dominion of law was superseded. A leaderless Europe flung herself into the arms of all kinds of inflammable and inexperienced volunteers. With the exception of the sentence passed by our author on Lamartine, who is unjustly, I think, described as a man, 'with nothing in him but melodious wind and *soft sower*, which he and others took for something divine, and not diabolic,' I cannot verily find much else than truth, propounded indeed after the fashion of Thomas Carlyle, in the portion of the pamphlet now referred to. He then goes on to describe the 'universal, black democracy,' which, in 1848, started to life on the ruins of kingcraft, as a sort of result of the state of no-rule, or sham-rule, in which for generations the nations had been engulfed,—ending in 'a universal tumbling of impostors and impostures into the street.' 'Alas,' he goes on to say, 'it is sad enough that anarchy is here; that we are not permitted to regret its being here,—for who that had, for this divine universe, an eye which was human at all, could wish that shams of any kind, especially that sham-kings, should continue? No, at all costs, it is to be prayed by all men that shams may cease.' Again, I say, queer kind of Toryism this, if by Toryism be meant the worship of a dead lock—the obstinate refusal to dethrone idols, whether be-crowned or bewigged, and beat down fashionable gilded frauds. Would that our Radical teachers and orators in general talked such genuine sense as this! And now I come to what the one-eyed Reformers will deem 'the unkindest cut of all.' Plainly and unequivocally be it confessed, that Thomas Carlyle does not think that extended suffrage, ballot, and so forth, can be fairly accepted as a species of patent medicine, for the cure of *all*

the aches, pains, and disorders of the body politic. He says, referring to the most feasible plan for restoring and consolidating national order and happiness, 'but it is possible a Parliament may not be the method. Possible the inveterate notions of the English people may have settled it as the method, and the everlasting laws of nature may have settled it as not the method. Not the *whole* method, nor the method at all, *if taken as the whole*. If a Parliament with never such suffrages is *not* the method settled by this latter authority, then it will urgently behove us to become aware of that fact, and to quit such method;—we may depend upon it, however unanimous *we* be, every step taken in that direction will, by the eternal law of things, be a step *from* improvement, not towards it.' Again, our author remarks: 'To prosper in this world, to gain felicity, victory, and improvement, either for a man or nation, there is but one thing requisite—that the man or nation can discern what the true regulations of the universe are in regard to him and his pursuit, and can faithfully and steadfastly follow these. These will lead him to victory; whoever it may be that sets him in the way of these—were it Russian autocrat,\* Chartist Parliament, Grand Lama, Force of Public Opinion, Archbishop of Canterbury, M'Groudy, the Seraphic Doctor, with his Last-Evangel of Political Economy,—sets him in the sure way to please the Author of this universe, and is his friend of friends. And again, whoever does the contrary is, for a like reason, his enemy of enemies. This may be taken as fixed.' Now I can see religious truth in all this, but most assuredly, nothing like Toryism. Man lives to please his Author, God. It is on their conformity to God's laws that nations depend for order, prosperity, and progress. Pet theories, patent nostrums, in which so many soft-spoken gentlemen trade—party schemes, and interests, be they Tory, Whig, Radical, or Chartist,—autocratic, aristocratic, or democratic, what are they one and all, when compared with 'His eternal will and law, who for aye avenges wrong and evil, and teaches empires, though in the stern voice of the whirlwind of Revolution, that the decrees of justice are irrevocable, and Heaven will speed alone the right—of course the champions of theories, and ready-made, most arbitrary schemes will cry long and lustily against our author's laconic mode of dealing with the claims of their several systems. The bare hint at the possibility of their being wrong after all, and the true theory of Government as yet confined in the limbo of undiscovered wisdom, will doubtless arouse the ire of the class of thinkers who have made up their minds that when certain changes are accomplished, certain men pulled down, and certain men lifted up, there will be a cry on board the state vessel of 'Utopia a-head.' All this I admit, for I know full well how prone the shallows ever are to abuse the deeps. Yet this I will say, and say it with all the earnestness with which I should give utterance to the deepest conviction of my mind and heart. I will say that unless nations conform in all their social and political arrangements to the will of the Everlasting—unless cabinets ask, ere each step is taken, not what says our party, or what says expediency, or even what say the people out of

\* We should have thought this man's Polish exploits had long since settled this question as far as *he* is concerned.—ED. *Eclectic*.

doors, and their loudly huzza'd leaders; but what says God?—what say the laws of eternal right?—there can be no such thing realized in this land as genuine peace, security, and joy. Except the stern fact of the responsibility associated with every thought is kept steadily in view by the rulers and the ruled, and governments cling to the everlastingly right, instead of the popular thing of the hour, why government, in the highest sense, will become an impossibility, and order on earth be maintained by treason to the decrees and laws of Heaven. There was an awful amount of significance in an occurrence in Parliament some years ago, which, strange to say, was allowed to pass away from public view almost without a comment by our loudly professing Christendom. A gentleman happening, during a debate in the House of Commons, to base certain arguments on the teachings of Christianity, was warned by the then Premier, not again to compare Parliamentary doings with the Gospel; and the worthy members of the House gave their silent consent to this infidel, most scandalous insult to decency and religion.

Let this rule be confirmed—be it an understood thing that poor Religion—mother of so many martyrs, is either to absent herself from St. Stephen's altogether, or in silence and humility occupy a place in the Strangers' Gallery, not even allowed to take a note of the doings of her professed disciples, and I should rate as of little worth your suffrage extensions, ballot-boxes, and Radical cabinets,—for a government which shuts out religion from its councils, be it oligarchical or democratic, is a government in arms against the Omnipotent, and marked for ruin by that pale finger of retribution which inscribes Ichabod on the palace walls of God-defying dignitaries, and points Sin to its prison-house of torment. If this nation be indeed Christian, and 'that she is, she cries aloud in all her' temples, why then, this nation should be led by Christian men, who will try by the Christian rule of right and duty our every law, instead of her being given, bound hand and foot, into the blind keeping of men who bid religion give place to policy, and who legislate with as little anxious regard for the monitions of justice and truth, as though life were a mere time-battle, politics a matter of party jugglery, and there were no God, far above the dust and din of human struggles and contests, 'who judgest the earth.' I know how our dandy politicians—our 'philosophical' statesmen, premiers and home secretaries, present and to come, will sneer at these assertions, asking, with a contemptuous shrug, whether I am anxious for the revival of a Bare-bones Parliament, puritanical statesmanship, and such like? Well, self-sufficient sirs, and after all a Bare-bones, were better than a faithless Parliament;—puritanical statesmen were far more trustworthy statesmen in these stormy times, than statesmen in every *political* sense without God. Those brave old Puritan forefathers of ours—those stern heroes, putting down traitor kings, star-chamber despots, and miserable make-believes, decked out in gorgeous trappings, that fools might honour and obey them—the men who could fight for Heaven's own cause, as well as pray for its grace divine to aid and bless them,—yes, they, the rude, stern, rugged assertors of the truth, that life is a battle with demons, not a voluptuous

dance with sirens,—they, even they, did good work for England—gave birth to a new, earnest, quite heroic age, and sent down a message to posterity, giving the lie to shams in all after times. They were not indeed prim, neat, kid-gloved gentlemen, these large-hearted old Puritans. They would perhaps be crowed, brayed, and laughed down now, in our poor, do-little Parliament. And yet it is just such men this age now calls for—men who will search out a principle, and, when found, hold it, suffer, aye, die for it, if that be declared necessary by the oracle within. We want more strong, earnest Puritanism, and less flippant, insolent, heartless demagogueism and officialism, to set England politically right in these curious, unsettled, dreaming times. I question whether one such man as Cromwell, or George Fox, would not do more for the cause of real reform than many of our existing organizations,—for it appears to me, the great need of the age is heroes, a need which for the present seems mournfully unsupplied.

Such I believe to be the spirit of Thomas Carlyle's sayings on matters political. You must conform to God's will. You must seek the men who can interpret that will for you, and when such men are found, they must rule you, and you must loyally follow them. If the man who writes thus be indeed a traitor to the cause of freedom and humanity, why, then, God speed such treason, say I.

And here I must conclude for the present. In the next number of the 'Eclectic Review' I hope to continue my comments on 'The Present Time,' and take a glance at our author's promised pamphlet on 'Model Prisons.'

---

### Events of the Month.

---

THE great fact of the month, the opening of Parliament, leads, so far, to small results. Suspense is still the sign of the times; negation continues the characteristic both of ministerial and of public affairs. Progress is not an emanation of Whig Cabinets, and, seemingly, the several pressures from without on the various questions of questions are deficient in impetus, and, as yet, are not sensible in Palace-yard. Miss Martineau, in the newly-published volume of her history, intimates that the 'pressure from without' is now an essential portion of our political machinery: and, if this be so, whether fortunately or unfortunately so, the governed, and not the governors, are at present to be censured for the prospect which is in view—losing a session. Two circumstances are strangely coincident: the mass of the people, according to the 'latest returns,' is unprecedentedly prosperous; and the great body of the public is politically apathetic. Are we to trust for political progress to social distress? If the paucity of politics is

dependent upon the abundance of provisions, a little consideration would induce the Protectionists to consent to the maintenance of unrestricted imports. They should fear a hungry multitude as Cæsar abhorred the lean Cassius.

Ministers lost no time in declaring their legislative intentions for the year. Lord John Russell is clearly of opinion that the only thing the public will care to have passed is the session. The list of government measures is very limited. Colonial Reform is the only large question which has occupied the Premier in the recess. He has stated his views on the whole subject, and with a precision and comprehensive statesmanship which satisfied everybody—even the professional colonial reformers. After the Speech came a bill for immediate application to the Australian Colonies; and it was here found that the policy compressed into the proposed act bore no resemblance whatever to the policy enunciated in the previous oration. The speech conceded, to its fullest extent, the principle of self-government: the bill retains for Downing-street and the Messrs. Mother-country at the Colonial Office just as much actual power as is in the unsafe possession of Earl Grey at this moment. This has been urged in objection from all sides; and the objection is met by Lord John with the suggestion that he is not legislating finally for the Australian dependencies; that the *one* Chamber which he is going to create—about one-third of which is to be composed of nominees of the Governor, that is to say, of the Colonial Office—is only for the purpose of permitting the colonists themselves to debate and to decide upon the constitution they would prefer. This Australian bill is the only one which has yet followed the Speech, and is probably the only one which we shall see or hear anything about this session. But though, as regards general colonial policy, we are in ignorance what the Whigs will do, we have already been made aware of what in one respect they will *not* do. Their colonial reform will not include the abolition of the transportation system. Mr. Adderley introduced a motion which went to take the choice of penal settlements from the Colonial Office, and to invest the power of selection in Parliament itself—a proposition which encountered a direct negative: and thus the prerogative remains with Lord Grey of traversing the globe in search of insurrections after the Cape Town model. Sanatory Reform is the next great subject on which there has been ministerial intimation; but the announcement, in this case, is only that the amendments and enactments contemplated will be postponed until after Easter, for the purpose of giving the Board of Health due time to report on all the later facts got together by its Commissioners. The third and the most startling, and most unexpected of the Cabinet innovations, is in reference to Irish law-reforms. Following up the heavy blow dealt at legal tortuosities by the Encumbered Estates Bill, Sir John Romilly, with an energy most commendable, has introduced several subsidiary measures, the most important being one for the reform of the tardy procedures and technicalities of the Irish Chancery. This has been well received both by the Irish and the English lawyers; and some of the latter, Mr. Turner leading the way, have promised to consider if some similar justice cannot be done to English litigants.

Ireland has otherwise found favour in official eyes. The bill for an extension of the franchise to all persons rated to the poor at £8, and in the counties to all tenants for life rated at £5, which was brought in and quietly dropped the session before last, has been again introduced by Sir W. Somerville, and is already fast on its unopposed way to its place on the statute-book. The plea for this reform has no reference to first principles. Sir William told the House that they must lower the qualification as he proposed, or submit to the absence of any constituency whatever in Ireland—the rot in voters being as great as the rot in potatoes. It was not pretended that the present condition of the Irish representation, which is the disgrace both of Ireland and of England, needed any alteration; and that the new measure is utterly unimportant, may be assumed, seeing that no hope is held out of any change resulting in the character or *morale* of the men at present delegated to sit in the Imperial Parliament as the embodiment of Irish opinion on imperial affairs. A measure practically more important is the bill to abolish party processions in Ireland. An act for this purpose was brought in and carried by Lord Stanley in 1832, but was permitted to expire in 1842 or 1844. A great omission, doubtlessly, but all the more blameable that Lord Stanley was a member of the government in power at the period of the expiration. The affair at Dolly's Brae has shown how strong is the necessity of forbidding these displays of savage and stupid partizanship, in which both Catholics and Protestants in Ireland delight; and Lord Clarendon evidently thinks that, without some such power of repression given to him, he will find it necessary to add to his black list of dismissed magistrates. The course taken by Lord Stanley on the 18th, in calling upon the House of Lords to revise the sentence upon the Earl of Roden, has not eventuated very satisfactorily. As a private affair, the indiscretion, or at least the bad taste, in reviving the discussion, could not be justified; but as a public matter, the reply of Lord Clarendon, in his defence, must be regarded as complete and conclusive. The only two other questions of moment undertaken by Government are in reference to the Woods and Forests, and to the Ecclesiastical Commission. Lord John Russell, who steps before the Earl of Carlisle, as well as before Earl Grey, has brought in a bill to improve the management of the vast Crown property, and to turn it to better public account; the plan being a division of labour for the officials, and a consequent individualizing of responsibility. As to the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill, very little is to be said in its favour. It is fashioned 'after consultation' with his Grace of Canterbury; and, of course, does not satisfy Mr. Horsman. The compromise which it accomplishes will, however, no doubt be accepted by a majority of Churchmen;—legislative compromise is a catastrophe suited to the present temper of the times. The work of Mr. Horsman will not end here; we hope to see him recover before the end of the session from the *faux pas* which he committed in retracting his charge against Lord John Russell; he had a good case, and would have made it out; and it is greatly to be regretted that he gave way to the amenities of the go-between in the quarrel, Lord Ashley. Mr. Roebuck has not

yet moved in the attack on the Irish Church, in connexion with which his name was so repeatedly mentioned in the recess. He would be better employed in this direction, than in defending the atrocities of Lord Torrington—the Haynau of the British Peerage. It was sad to find a Lord Claude Hamilton acting in the English House of Commons as the advocate of Austria against Hungary; and it is still more sad to encounter Mr. Roebuck, once the representative at the bar of the house for Canadian rebels, acting in the capacity of special pleader in favour of a man, who has authorized the perpetration of horrors upon a feeble population, in comparison with which the deeds of General Haynau became the just retaliations of ordinary warfare.

Beyond all this positive policy, there is a negative policy, even more significant. It is a miserable disappointment to find that after the precise intimation of the leading journal in January, the Cabinet have not, and seem never to have had, the slightest intention of setting about the work of suffrage-reform. The question was asked by Mr. Hume, with his usual directness, and replied to by the Premier with more than his usual nonchalance; and thereupon the veteran member for Montrose gives notice that he will bring on his annual motion before Easter; the probability being that he will not add a single additional member to his tail of eighty-two, and that the debate will be even more destitute of interest than last year. Ministers are determined to provoke other agitations. The decision of the Court of Exchequer, in respect to the legality of the relay system in mills and factories, has naturally created the greatest consternation throughout the manufacturing districts. Lord Ashley asks the Government if they intend taking any steps to repair the verbal blunder in the act, and Sir George Grey shakes his head and cannot say. He does not like the trouble of the thing, and thus a re-aroused bad feeling is got up, and a new bill being brought in, more unpleasant debates impend. It might be urged, in defence of the quiescence of the Cabinet in the matter, that the Ten Hours Bill was not theirs, and that the labour of reparation may be properly thrown on those who formerly took the initiative, and forced their philanthropy upon Parliament. Next, as to financial reform, the surplus of £2,000,000 which is veritably in the hands of a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, is not suggestive of any reduction of taxation. We shall not have the budget before Easter; but already Lord John has let out the Cabinet secret, that the whole of the money is wanted, and that none of it can be spared for the special remission of taxes. This, at least, is the intention of Sir Charles Wood; but when he faces the large parties whom Mr. Cobden and Mr. Drummond can command, the intention may undergo modification; and we are by no means, at least, without hope of heavy reductions being insisted upon in the estimates for this year. In 1851, the income-tax will re-appear for renewal; and till then, perhaps the Whigs are anxious to postpone that investigation into the whole system of taxation which *must* come.

Private enterprise in progressive legislation is deficient in proportion to the lack of ministerial vigour. So slightly are 'independent' members anxious for opportunities of exertion, that they quietly consent to be robbed by the Government of two of those Thursdays in the month,

which time immemorial have been sacred to private hobbies and counts-out. Such independent notices of motion as have been given have been postponed; as if in expectation of an agreeable and anticipatory budget. Mr. Milner Gibson has a motion on the papers for a repeal of all 'taxes on knowledge,'—an object worthy of the Manchester school. Mr. Ewart has a motion, in part extending to the same purpose, namely, for a repeal of the advertisement duty; and, as his second effort, has got leave to bring in a bill to enable town councils and corporations to establish public libraries; this proposal, as well as Mr. Gibson's, being in conformity with the report of the Public Libraries Committee of last session. Other masters of the Manchester academy are quite silent. Mr. Cobden has not yet notified at what particular time he will bring on his arbitration, or the budget of 1835, motions; and Mr. Bright has so far taken no steps whatever towards forcing on the House the discussion of those remedial measures for Ireland, in connexion with the condition of the land, with promise of which he gratified the whole Irish public some months ago. On the opposite side of the House there are as few indications of life. The Peelites are perfectly dumb. Sir Robert himself does 'not intend taking any active part in the proceedings of the session,' and the Earl of Lincoln is not heard of, much less heard. Sir James Graham is an observer and a critic: biding his time, he has nothing to suggest. Lord Aberdeen, in the Upper House, rouses himself only to display the most contemptible querulousness and the meanest notions of opposition tactics; and as for the other leaders of the 'eternally infamous 112,' they are employed, under the editorship of Mr. Smythe, in getting up, through a newspaper, the hostility to Protectionists and Whigs, which they appear to be without the courage or the ability to evince in the House. The only active member is Mr. Disraeli, and he so manages as not only to provide employment for himself and amusement for his party, but to render the cabinet benches very remarkably uneasy. He is an opponent who is never asleep, and his profound and accurate knowledge of foreign politics renders him, probably, in the eyes of Lord Palmerston, the antagonist most to be respected in the whole House of Commons; that is to say, supposing it possible to conceive Henry Vincount Palmerston caring one jot about anybody.

The Protectionists, under the auspices of the member for Bucks, have certainly commenced the session well. The success they have achieved is the best testimony to the subtlety of those tactics which Mr. Disraeli recommended as the most practical some eighteen months ago, and which, up to the assembling of Parliament, the Earl of Stanhope and Mr. George Frederick Young so pertinaciously repudiated. The amendment on the Address, which resulted in leaving Ministers in an immense majority, was not Mr. Disraeli's, and had not the sanction of Lord Stanley. It was forced upon the leaders by the violence of some of their followers; and the failure with which it met was so far beneficial, that it contributed into the hands of Mr. Disraeli an additional argument in favour of his proposal to approach the unfavourable court of appeal in the first place with motions moderate in tone and in character. Thus when he brought on his motion for a

committee of the whole House, prefacing it by a speech judicious and temperate, and conciliatory, the party at once took up a position which forbade those jeers and taunts, and that system of laughing out their demands, which the rustic roughness of the country party has too often tempted, and the result evidences that Mr. Disraeli, as a tactician, is worthy of the trust which, sorely against the will of many good-hearted stupid gentlemen, was reposed in him. The tone of the debate on the 21st indicated a decided accession of power to the Protectionists. Sir Robert Peel spoke, it must be confessed, in a rather rambling fashion, and he somewhat unnecessarily compromised his dignity by descending to a controversy upon the state of his personal property with an individual so insignificant as Lord Henry Bentinck. The perversion of Mr. Gladstone was obviously an unexpected blow on one side, and triumph for the other; and perplexed by the division, it was readily imputed that many waverers had been reduced into the inconsistency of which they were guilty by the example set them on the part of the mystic Peelite. To endeavour to account for the actions of Mr. Wm. Ewart Gladstone would be as futile as the analogous attempt to square the circle. His conduct on this occasion has only one parallel in parliamentary history—his own escapade on the Maynooth bill; and the reasoning which has sufficed to induce him to separate himself from all his former colleagues is peculiar to himself—and the more exclusively private that it is impossible for any one else to fathom it. The debate and division do not directly bring Mr. Disraeli nearer his aim, but indirectly, the fact that he has reduced the Ministers to a majority of twenty-one, is, in so far, an advantage, that it establishes his party in a better position than it has occupied since 1846, and that personally it secures a serviceable prestige in the country for himself. He told the House that he purposed bringing forward various proposals, and we shall therefore not be long without an opportunity of testing how far accident was concerned in the division of the Thursday night. The interest of the session will turn on the contest, and as free-trade is perfectly safe, and Whig comfort only in danger, free-traders need be very slightly alarmed at the pertinacity which is threatened.

Out of doors political excitements are as greatly wanted as in Parliament itself. The 'National Reform Association' is encountering, in this the second year of its career, difficulties as great as those which met it at the outset. This month it has held a remarkable meeting at Manchester. It has been well known that between the Manchester party and the gentlemen who undertook, in London, to guide the reform movement, there has existed a decided hostility: the constituents of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson being of opinion that what did not originate with Manchester could not be entitled to the support of the representatives of Manchester: and the consequence seems to have been a determination on the part of Sir Joshua Walmsley and his colleagues to proceed in their work as if Manchester did not exist, and in good time to test whether public opinion in that city itself was not considerably in advance of Mr. George Wilson and other remnants of the League. The Free-trade Hall was taken, and a great meeting was held—great as to numbers; but from the platform were absent every

one of those gentlemen who hitherto have invariably attended similar demonstrations in Manchester: and the speaking was consequently monopolized by the deputation sent down from London, viz., Sir Joshua Walmsley, Mr. George Thompson, Mr. Henry Vincent, and Mr. E. Miall. The two first gentlemen voted last session for the Charter as proposed by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and Mr. E. Miall and Mr. H. Vincent are recognised as leaders in the Manhood Suffrage movement; and to the lot of these did it fall to recommend the national adoption of the principles of the Association which they represented; these principles being such as, by themselves, these gentlemen would individually repudiate. They were heard to the end of their orations, and a Chartist, well known in Lancashire, then came forward, held up the principles of the Association to the derision of the auditory, and, proceeding to move a Chartist amendment, was only silenced after long altercation and a very great uproar. This scene had its special moral: it proved, beyond all doubt, that the alliance of the Chartist leaders with the Association is hollow, and that the delegates of the Association dare not themselves trust to the popularity of the programme with which they are sent forth. It is, however, their misfortune, that having to affect moderation, and having, at the same time, to secure popular support, they must put one thing on their banners, and say another thing on their platforms; and though their subserviency to obnoxious Chartist chiefs is patent to the whole world, they delude themselves with the idea that their banner is read, and that their words are not heard, and that thus, in some mysterious way, they will achieve an object for the attainment of which their double demeanour is assumed—the confidence, namely, of the middle classes. The deception is a blunder in two ways: it is seen through by the Chartists, and perceived as plainly by those who will not identify themselves with Chartism, and are yet eager to be associated in reform; and the consequences are—the patronage of Mr. Feargus O'Connor; and the distrust of the Roebucks, the Brights, and the Osbornes. It could easily be shown that the association started with a mistake; that the adoption of the bungling motion of Mr. Hume was inconsiderate, and could have no possible merit beyond being Mr. Hume's; and that the agitation is now a working-class agitation, and as essentially Mr. Feargus O'Connor's movement as it is Sir Joshua Walmsley's. But, looking at the Association where it stands, at its want of leaders, and equivocal attitude among the most respectable of the reformers in and out of Parliament, we would suggest that it take one of two courses: either throw over the O'Connors and Reynoldses who encumber and damage it, and act the moderation which it assumes; or, announcing at once that it has given up its faith in the sham, adopt, as its basis, the principle of manhood suffrage—in which case it would carry away the Chartist body from the Chartist leaders, and initiate a movement for which the country is quite as well prepared as for the 'motion of Mr. Hume.' We speak as friends of the Association, and we think we show our friendship in thus describing its present position; and we will confess that, observing the aspect now characterising the movement, we should look upon it with great suspicion, but for our implicit reliance on the ability and integrity of its

most prominent authors, Sir Joshua Walmsley, Mr. Edward Miall, and others. The agitation for reform of Parliament is not premature, though as yet the people respond to the appeal neither with passion nor enthusiasm. Ere long there will be an era of action following this era of apathy; and we are perfectly satisfied that, when the nation shall rouse itself to shake off the heartless *régime* of mere bureaucracy with which we are now cursed, the 'Reform Association' will be compelled to enlarge its proposals. In the meantime, if it discarded all sham, it would not be the less respectable. We have no objection to the abstract allegations of the Charter, but we entertain great doubts of Chartism as interpreted in suspicious quarters, and we are satisfied that Sir Joshua Walmsley and his friends gain nothing in power by permitting their names to be confounded with men as to whom the general public have, very properly, repeatedly expressed profound disgust.

---

The 'agitation' which has been initiated by Prince Albert, for the bringing about of a great national exposition of arts and industry, progresses favourably; and already the scheme is taking form and becoming tangible. Meetings are being held all over the country, at which fashionable orators get up the requisite degree of enthusiasm; large sums of money are being collected; agents are in all the towns forming corresponding committees, and completing all the collateral arrangements; and all the manufacturers of the country are busy in preparing for competition for the great prizes. The aim is national, and the effort will also be national; and though the results to flow from the exposition may be pardonably exaggerated, it is certain that the effort itself will be productive of great good. The Earl of Carlisle, who always goes to Athens, and from Athens to Rome, for his similes, the metaphor in the end invariably being Romaic, told the Westminster meeting the other day that what the Olympiad was to the Greeks, and the triumphs of the Consuls and Emperors to the Romans, the exposition in 1851 would be to the British—a suggestion which amply confirms the idea of Napoleon, and proves that even our poetry must be industrial poetry to interest us. So far the plans have met with unanimous approval, and the names of the gentlemen appointed to the Royal Commission ensure perfect management in the after details. It has been proposed in Manchester that individual artizans should send in specimens of their workmanship—an idea which might be carried out with much popular applause.

---

Foreign affairs are full of interest; not because of present results, but because of the indications which they afford of an immediately significant future. France is rapidly approaching another revolution—throwing her into the hands of the Mountain, or of Louis Napoleon, Emperor—which it would be difficult yet to say. The persecution of the Socialists, a persecution which has become almost ludicrous in its pettiness, has aroused the mobs, in some parts of France, into frantic

indignation, and the popular excesses at Lyons and Marseilles, thus provoked, have served as the excuse for the establishment of a military dictatorship over the whole country, in certain districts the state of siege being in full force. In Paris General Changarnier has become the sole government, and a cabinet council is now a military review. The 'trees of liberty,' the only things republican in the republic, have been cut down on the pretext that riotous scenes occurred in the mass assemblages around them, and the 'take away that bauble' order of Louis Napoleon has been attended with this much success—that the bauble is gone. Newspapers hinting at Socialism are seized in all directions; editors are heavily fined; and the Ministers send circulars to their agents, recommending them to put down Socialism, not only by imprisoning Socialists, but by arguing with them *after* they are in prison. The Paris press, however, fights on undauntedly with the true heroism of French journalism; and Girardin, ever a fanatic for the weakest side, has resolved to stand on what we would term the 'Socialist interest' at the approaching election for Paris. 'La Presse' copies all the articles for which the other papers are seized, and encouraged by its acquittal on the first prosecution, now openly defies the Government. Its comments on the appointment of the generals to the different military divisions into which France is now divided, are unequalled for their boldness. It reproduces a speech made by one of these dictators at the planting of a tree of liberty in a town in the provinces, at the first declaration of the Republic, wherein the General swore eternal allegiance to 'liberty, fraternity, and equality,' and then after dwelling on the present state of affairs which it describes as a 'war to liberty,' it declares that for the people there remains now but one alternative—'war to apostasy.' This may be an electioneering 'clap-trap,' but that such phrases should be the ordinary language of journalism is a terrible sign of social disorder. The elections of the members to the Assembly in place of those disqualified by criminal convictions are fixed for March, and the strength of the republicans, 'democratic and social,' will then be fully tested. And while all these elements of 'anarchy' are growing up abroad within the Assembly itself, there is disorganization among that majority who are self-associated with 'order.' A vote on one of the clauses of but secondary importance of the Public Instructions Bill, which has now been dragging its slow length along for nearly six weeks, has placed M. Thiers with the *parti-prêtre* in a minority, and at a meeting of the Club of the Conseil d'Etat, he is reported, in the extremity of his rage, to have uttered words of such contemptuous passion towards both those who deserted him and the President, as to render any ulterior co-operation with him out of the question.

---

The King of Prussia has got out of his difficulty; the constitution which is to be the Prussian finality has been sworn to, as amended, with all the pomp of a state ceremony, and every body, Frederick William included, seems very well satisfied at some sort of symmetry having thus been restored to Prussian politics. The delighted chambers vote whatever sums of money are asked of them—special grants being

demanded on the ground of the unsettled state of affairs, and the consequent necessity of keeping up a large military force: and public complaisance extends to overlooking the enactment of a law, which, nominally leaving the press free, requires an amount of caution-money, which, in effect, being too large a sum to risk, will ensure to the Government precisely the tone of opposition which they would desire. Temporary tranquillity being thus restored at Berlin, attention, royal and national, is turned to Erfurt; and the Assembly which is to decide upon German unity now stands summoned for the 20th of March; and Prussia will proceed in the great work, irrespective of the other two members of the *Drei Koenigs Bund*. The machinations of Austria to thwart the Prussian policy are various; and, according to a writer signing 'Germanicus,' in a London paper, she is prepared with a counter-scheme for the accomplishment of German unity:—the scheme consisting of a proposition to Polandize Germany, breaking up the secondary states, and dividing the spoil with Prussia; and in the end to establish a federal union, in which the poise of the two states shall be equal, from Aix-la-Chapelle to the Lake of Constance, and from Hamburg to Memel. Prussia, in the meanwhile, is hampered with the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, out of which she cannot conveniently creep. The efforts of Lord Palmerston, to obtain a renewal of the armistice between Prussia and Denmark, have not been successful; both sides suggesting difficulties, and driving the English negotiator to despair. It cannot be supposed, however, that commercial Europe would sanction a second blockade of the Elbe.

---

Lord Palmerston's extraordinary proceedings at Athens remain without any explanation which will suffice for the amazed public. Hints are given that Russia is at the bottom of it, and that the belligerent attitude of Sir Thomas Wyse was, after all, one of self-defence. The Foreign Secretary himself will give no explanation to the House of Commons; and those organs of the press on which he is said to depend for doing him justice, as yet postpone their defence. All he will let Parliament know is, that France has offered her 'good offices,' and that the mediation has been accepted, and that negotiation is in progress; but at Athens the ministers of France and Russia have protested, and Sir William Parker replies by seizing upon all the ships, large and small, that he can get hold of—waiting for further orders as to the rest. One thing is certain—that the position assumed has begot Grecian sympathy for the Greek government, and that King Otho and his Ministers are deeply indebted to us for having obtained for them a most unexpected and welcome burst of popularity at Athens.

---

The approaching gathering of the friends of religious liberty from all parts of the kingdom, under the auspices of the Anti-state-church Association, must be looked forward to with feelings of deepest interest and solicitude by all sincere Nonconformists. The signs of the times—the teachings of those events which thicken around the pathway of the thoughtful, breathing tidings of coming change, and signal modi-

fications of the things which are, seem to justify us in the conviction that the next Triennial Conference will be held under auspices unusually favourable to the cause each delegate will have at heart. The Church, more *divided*, more *unstable*, more *unpopular* than ever, can offer but a feeble and impotent resistance to the endeavours of the friends of freedom and improvement, if such endeavours are heartily and unitedly made. If our professing Nonconformists are but charged with the frank, bold, and honest nonconformist spirit;—if they really live their holy principles, instead of merely talking or writing about them in pompous strains;—if, in fine, they not only assail State-churchism, but likewise the narrow, arrogant, and sectarian spirit—the spirit of creeds and theological organizations, of which State-churchism is but the expression, or the instrument,—a victory over their opponents may soon, soon be achieved; and hence we trust that the spirit of Christian liberality and harmony will preside over the deliberations of the approaching Conference, and that none save Dissenters, *TRULY* so called, will be found swelling its ranks. It is a just, a holy cause, that cause of Nonconformity, and demands just and holy men as its advocates and supporters. We learn from a report of the Council meeting now before us, that the Conference will commence its sittings on April 30th. The report also announces the following arrangements:—

‘The Conference is to consist of (1) delegates appointed by public meetings, or meetings of congregations publicly convened; and (2) of delegates appointed in writing by persons residing in any town, borough, or parish, or in more than one united; the signatures of not fewer than fifty persons being required for one delegate, and not fewer than one hundred for two delegates. At the last Conference, members of the Association were admitted; but, in order to preserve the representative character of the Assembly, it will on this occasion be confined to delegates. Inquiry was made whether they could be admitted as spectators, to which it was replied, that in all probability the theatre would not afford room for others than delegates. As a set-off against this alteration, the signature of fifty persons only is required to elect a delegate, instead of one hundred as formerly. It is, however, expected that, in the majority of instances, the elections will be by public meetings convened for the purpose; and it was urged, that when meetings of congregations are held, not only should delegates be appointed, but advantage taken of the occurrence to disseminate Anti-state-church principles. The 13th of April is the day named for sending in nominations.’

The following allusion to the subjects to be discussed is contained in the report from which we have just quoted.

Several subjects were mentioned as proper to be brought before the Conference, the most important of them being,—the *Regium Donum*, the Irish Church, recent events in the State Church, the Anti-state-church press, and the increase of political power on the part of those who hold the Society’s principles, by obtaining possession of the franchise.

We have no space to add more, but we hope in our next number to indulge in certain reflections suggested by the occasion.

### Brief Notices.

*More Verse and Prose.* By the Corn-law Rhymer. Vol. I. London : Charles Fox.

WE have perused this volume with feelings of deepest pain. It comes to us like a message from the grave. It reminds us of hours of communion with that earnest, fearless, in all senses genuine man, whose harp is now hung upon the willows; who has crossed the mystic stream which roars on the outskirts of mortality, and entered 'that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns.' Brave, outspoken Ebenezer Elliott has sung on earth his last sweet, tender lay,—penned his final lampoon on despotism, quackery, and cant,—said his farewell say on platform, or at fireside; and has gone to 'his long home,' leaving behind him works full of the very essence of poetry; sparkling on every page with honesty, though frequently defaced by coarseness and bitterness, created by that 'hate of hate,' which in his nature was no less vigorous than the 'love of love.' No mere surface skimmer of human character could have believed it possible that the rough, stern man, who lashed a bread-taxing aristocracy with a scourge so heavy, and a spirit so relentless, could be capable of a tenderness of feeling so exquisite, that earth's tiniest things were included in the grasp of his sympathies, and no road-side flower bloomed, no hedge-bird sang its merry welcome to the morn, no tree waved in summer gale or winter storm, by him unloved. On the hill-tops, and amid the varied beauties of those quiet valleys, which begirt the great manufacturing hive of Sheffield, might Elliott be found, in close communion with Nature and her God; drinking in rapture from the loveliness around, or instituting comparisons between earth's impartiality and man's exclusiveness and injustice; parents of feelings which broke forth in fiercest invective, keenest sarcasm, and a denunciation so terrible in its earnestness and force that friend and foe alike trembled as they listened to those prophet-like strains. His was, indeed, the very soul to rebel against the social wrongs and inequalities which, alas! degrade the social world, even in this nineteenth century; for his perception of the genius of nature was so keen, and his sympathy with the living world so intense, that the contemplation of the results of human ignorance and avarice, the lean worker, living in squalid hovel, yet piling palaces,—the poor man, sinking lower and lower in the horrid slough of destitution, and at length dying of a heart broken on the torture-wheel of want, though amid streams of plenty, and elements of happiness, as diversified as abundant;—we say, the contemplation of these hideous anomalies goaded his soul to madness, and dictated those burning words, those sentences, which flashed like lightning when read,—which pealed like thunder when recited by such a man as his well-loved Pemberton—for which hosts of the cold-hearted have condemned him, nay, which even his friends have deplored; but which were as genuine expressions of the soul of the man, as those tenderer, and more graceful passages, thrown off in other moods, and dictated by more congenial themes.

In all senses, Elliott's sympathies were with the struggling sons and daughters of toil. The heart which so fiercely throbbed within him, was that of a democrat. He heeded not 'the trappings, and the suits' of station, fashion, or pride;—velvet did not attract, nor fashion repulse him. His salutation of a Sheffield worker was as hearty as his salutation of some local nabob; indeed, much heartier, for he scorned the strut, the airs in which so many men delight, who, by inheritance, good luck, or hard-handed industry, have managed to amass a few thousand pounds, as though, forsooth, the sovereigns lining the pocket at the same time gilded the character, and enhanced in value the indwelling soul. His sympathies were with the masses, not as the members of a social class or order, but as the least protected and most sorely tried section of the human race. No man, who has made himself acquainted with Elliott's poems, can doubt the truth of these statements, for the spirit of freedom and fraternity breathes in every page, and the aspirations uttered have all reference to that future time of jubilee, when the worker shall be educated, dignified, and free.

We can imagine the gusto with which the stern old bard would pen the following, entitled, 'The People's Anthem.' We can, in fancy, see the eyes flashing fire—the bosom heaving with that enthusiasm which kept his soul so young and buoyant to the last, and the disdainful smile curling the lips, as sham and real nobility are contrasted in the mind, and the consciousness of the emptiness of so much styled loyalty kindles with the progress of his patriotic strain:—

'When wilt thou save the people?  
Oh, God of Mercy! when?  
Not kings and lords, but nations!  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!  
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!  
Their heritage a sunless day!  
God, save the people!

'Shall crime bring crime for ever,  
Strength aiding still the strong?  
Is it thy will, oh, Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong?  
"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies:  
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs be heard, instead of sighs."  
God, save the people!

'When wilt thou save the people?  
Oh, God of Mercy! when?  
The people, Lord, the people!  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
God! save the people! thine they are,  
Thy children, as thy angels fair:  
Save them from bondage, and despair!

God! save the people!—Pp. 80, 81.

How exquisitely tender is the following description of the death-bed of a loving child, lighted by affection through the dark 'valley of the shadow of death!—brief visitant of this storm-tossed sphere!—so soon

laying down the burden of mortality, and gliding behind the mystic veil:—

'We watched him, while the moon-  
light,

Beneath the shadow'd hill,  
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,  
And all the woods were still.  
The brother of two sisters  
Drew painfully his breath:  
A strange fear had come o'er him,  
For love was strong in death.

The fire of fatal fever  
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,  
And often to his mother

He spoke, or tried to speak:

"I felt, as if from slumber

I never could awake:

Oh, Mother, give me something  
To cherish for your sake!

A cold, dead weight is on me,

A heavy weight, like lead:

My hands and feet seem sinking  
Quite through my little bed:

I am so tir'd, so weary—

With weariness I ache:

Oh, Mother, give me something  
To cherish for your sake!

Some little token give me,

Which I may kiss in sleep—

To make me feel I'm near you,

And bless you, though I weep.

My sisters say I'm better—

But, then, their heads they shake:

Oh, Mother, give me something

To cherish for your sake!

Why can't I see the poplar,

The moonlit stream and hill,

Where, Fanny says, good angels

Dream, when the woods are still?

Why can't I see you, Mother?

I surely am awake:

Oh, haste! and give me something

To cherish for your sake!"

His little bosom heaves not;

The fire hath left his cheek:

The fine chord—is it broken?

The strong chord—could it break?

Ah, yes! the loving spirit

Hath wing'd his flight away:

A mother and two sisters

Look down on lifeless clay.'

Pp. 83, 84.

The love of Elliott for the poor and conventionally disregarded was indeed a mutual thing, for if he loved the working classes, those classes loved him, as teacher, benefactor, friend. His frankness, his simple, Saxon-like bluntness and ease, won their confidence, and called forth their regard. And here we may well remark, that the man who seeks to influence for good the working classes, must, above all things, avoid even the appearance of patronage or condescension,—for once let the idea enter the working man's mind that you address him as a kind of moral inferior, or pauper, in the spirit of an alms-giver, and he at once stands on his guard, and all ingress is denied to the influence you seek to acquire. We are quite sure that the gentlemen Radicals who now and then stand forward at public meetings to lisp out the praises of democracy, and display at once their patriotism and their jewels,—we say, such men are just *tolerated* by the working-class portion of their auditory, and nothing more. And it is natural—it is right it should be so. The man who does his duty to his neighbour, confers on that neighbour nothing like a favour. The agitator who gratifies his ambition, and satisfies his conscience by heading some movement against certain national evils, may be a very useful, earnest, honour-worthy, patriotic gentleman; but the moment he begins to give himself airs, to play the part of patron or master,—in other words, to imitate that celebrated creature which fell a victim to its own mad ambition in reference to size,—from that moment the reformer gives place to the charlatan and empiric, and his downfall becomes inevitable. Elliott could not strictly be styled an orator, and yet how effective, how striking, despite his occasional coarseness, his speaking was. Rough, un-

polished sentences, rolled out at intervals by this man, who seemed like one soliloquising, talking to himself rather than the haranguer of a popular assembly, as he moved about in most grotesque fashion, setting at naught all the acknowledged rules of elocution, and punctilios of taste,—we say, those rough, unpolished, what Carlyle would call, ‘chaotic’ sentences, have ere now electrified audiences more truly than the most elaborate oration ever yet poured forth, even by the most celebrated among our talkers by profession. The speaking, like the poetry, of Elliott was natural, spontaneous, true to the man.

We have only space for one more extract from this most interesting, painfully interesting volume, which abounds with poetry equal to any of Elliott’s previous productions. The lines we are about to quote were evidently written in the immediate contemplation of that solemn change which has since taken from the world one of the most gifted of its sons. It is a poet’s picture of a poet’s grave, so gracefully, so delicately sketched, that none can study it without sympathy and admiration. True is it that bards should sleep amid the loveliness they detect, and whose praise they sing. No costly tombs—no minster sepulchres, amid the ashes of the fiery chieftains of sea or plain, befit the dignity of the dead son of song. On hill-side, around whose base the glorious landscape sweeps a sea of loveliness—in grove, where leaf whispers to leaf in the dreamy sighings of the evening breeze—in sea-side cavern, amid the wailing of the melancholy sea, which seems to mourn its many dead—on the verge of cataracts, on the brink of mountain chasms—in fine, where beauty, grandeur, and beneficence, assume their most glorious and diversified forms, so that earth becomes a minster in which the soul rises on devotion’s wings to God—there, there, let poets sleep, for there will Nature’s elements, like guardian angels of her children, watch o’er them in their silence and decay:—

‘He does well who does his best :  
Is he weary? let him rest :  
Brothers! I have done my best,  
I am weary—let me rest.  
After toiling oft in vain,  
Baffled, yet to struggle fain ;  
After toiling long, to gain  
Little good with mickle pain ;  
Let me rest—But lay me low,  
Where the hedgeside roses blow ;  
Where the little daisies grow,  
When the winds a-maying go ;  
Where the footpath rustics plod ;  
Where the breeze-bow’d poplars  
nod;

Where the old woods worship God ;  
Where His pencil paints the sod ;  
Where the wedded throstle sings ;  
Where the young bird tries his wings ;  
Where the wailing plover swings  
Near the runlet’s rushy springs !  
Where, at times, the tempest’s roar,  
Shaking distant sea and shore,  
Still will rave old Barnesdale o’er ;  
To be heard by me no more !  
There, beneath the breezy west,  
Tir’d and thankful, let me rest,  
Like a child, that sleepeth best  
On its gentle mother’s breast.’

Pp. 27, 28.

And the prayer has been answered. The poet is laid low. His singings are hushed in the quiet grave. But, ‘after life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.’ Peace! peace, to thy manes, bard of the poor. With honour, with love, with tearful eyes and venerating heart, we cast this faint and imperfect tribute on your honoured tomb.

\* Alas! how small a thing is man’s ‘best,’ save when he wins ‘the aid Divine,’ which raises, strengthens, and purifies even the most downcast soul.—*Ed. Eclectic.*

*Hesperos ; or, Travels in the West.* By Mrs. Houstoun, Author of 'Texas and the Gulf of Mexico.' Two Vols. London: John W. Parker.

WE cannot have too many honestly-written books about our trans-Atlantic cousins. A day of the young republic exceeds a year of the material life and progress of the old-world nations; hence the book of yesterday is a record of the past—a contribution to the materials of history. To keep the old world up in knowledge of the social and material progress of this railway-paced nation, requires the seven-leagued moving celerity of the hero of nursery legend with the pliant pen of Alexandre Dumas.

The name of the fair author of 'Hesperos' may justly be included amongst the few thoroughly honest and impartial English travellers who have written of the Americans. After the 'Western World' of Alexander Mackay—not even excepting the more special works of Lyell, the geologist, 'Hesperos' is the most interesting and useful book of American travel contributed in later years to our literature. The author is a woman of intelligence, information, and taste; with a large stock of plain common sense, she possesses considerable powers of observation, and, above all, she is gifted with a large capacity, rarely found amongst the upper classes of aristocratic and purse-proud England, of 'making herself at home' wherever Providence may cast her lot. These are necessary but rare gifts in modern travel writers, and Mrs. Houstoun enjoys them all in considerable degree, with the additional qualification of graphic force of description. Her book comprises a series of letters, many of them evidently written *currente calamo*, but all bearing the truth-like impressions of daguerreotypes. She is the agreeable, well-informed, and accommodating person one should like to have for *vis-à-vis* in 'an exclusive extra,'\* crossing the Alleghanies, or dinner-table neighbour for the fortnight's steam trip down the Father of Waters. Mrs. Houstoun is not altogether free from some of the aristocratic prejudices of English society. She is unsparing in censure of the social solecisms of the States, more especially of the Yankee citizens,† and, now and then, hits rather hardly at the native independence of her own sex; but her administration of justice is honourably tempered with generosity, and she takes leave of the Western World with this candid admission:—'After all, though there is much to censure in the land we have left, a person must, indeed, be strongly prejudiced who does not find infinitely more to admire than to condemn.'

The cause of the violent Yankee-phobia which has afflicted so many English travellers in America, is not difficult to discover. Our well-bred, exclusive English tourists, who have there discovered disagreeable eccentricities in habits, and departures from the strict conventional customs of European society, have rushed at once to the conclusion that these *laches* were peculiar to the New World. Granted that a nasal twang, that freedom-taking with the delicacies of Anglo-Saxon phrase, that go-

\* Yankee for post-chaise.

† This word is so frequently misused in its application to the entire body of citizens of the United States, that it is not unnecessary to remind the reader that the term 'Yankee' is only applied to the natives of the New England States.

a-headism in the common intercourse of life are unpleasant; that there is a time and a place for all things, and for the use of the 'soothing Indian weed;' that dinners were designed, by gastronomy, to be discussed, not devoured; that these and other traits and peculiarities in the public phases of the domestic life of the 'fast' citizens, are really, and in truth, social sins of omission and commission, chargeable to cousin Jonathan; we must, nevertheless, take leave to ask if Mr. John Bull can come into a court of good taste, as public accuser, with clean hands, and with a conscience void of offence, in these respects? The anti-American writers of superfine sensibility, mark these defects as if they were peculiar to America. In this they display remarkable, though considering English exclusiveness and hauteur, not surprising, ignorance of home 'life.' Persons who have only mixed in the upper circles of English society, when they enter one of the large commercial cities of the Union, are surprised to find, in the hotel-life into which they are probably for the first time thrown, a freedom of manners and an unconventionality of tone to which they have hitherto been unaccustomed; hence they conclude that the novelty is nationally peculiar, and not socially universal. Had these delicately-nerved persons ventured into the 'commercial rooms,' and other places of public resort by the trading classes of their own country, they might be in some manner prepared for the rough and ready ways of the commercially-minded public of America. But it is not so; they see life, for the first time, in a new phase, and they judge of the social habits of America from the first hasty impressions of hotel-life in the busiest haunts of American commerce. Tourists are proverbially prone to generalize the results of scanty and hasty impressions, and to this, and the causes above specified, are, doubtless, to be attributed the violent philippics against American manners dictated by irate English exclusiveness. Until we get rid of the vulgar *h*-emphasis of Cockayne, the harshness of the Saxon-Doric, and the ear-splitting abominations of the Hibernian brogue, we have no right to complain of the nasal twang of New England. Until we send our 'gents,' and our 'fast-men,' one thousand miles, at least, beyond Coventry, we have no right to complain of Jonathan's social 'smartness,' his 'whittling,' or even his addiction to 'the weed.' When our dissatisfied countrymen write dreary denunciations against the independence of American ladies, they might, with great advantage to their own gallantry, borrow something from the chivalrous homage which all American gentlemen pay to the fair sex.

These volumes are the record of a six months' tour. The author landed at Boston in October, and proceeded by Albany, Utica, Rochester, and Buffalo, to the falls of Niagara; thence by the Hudson to New York; onwards to Philadelphia and Baltimore, paying a rapid visit to Washington. She then crossed the Alleghany mountains, proceeding *via* Brownsville and Pittsburg, to Cincinnati. Taking steam, thence she sailed down the Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans. After a short trip to Texas, and an excursion amongst the cotton plantations of Louisiana, Mrs. Houston returned by the same route to Boston, and thence to England in April. This extensive journey, with stoppages of some duration at the principal places, afforded her abundant opportunity for observation.

Mrs. Houstoun did not find much to praise in the hard manners of the northern states, and more especially in New England. She found the Bostonians phlegmatic to a cheerless extent; 'I hardly remember to have heard a laugh, or seen a smile, all the time we have spent in this city.' She is hardly better pleased with the commercialism and *aristocracy* of New York. That is the only corner of the Union where idleness is tolerated. Idleness is the privilege of the New Yorkers who have *realized* large fortunes. Formerly they betook themselves to Europe to avoid the reproach of idleness, but now they live at home at ease, in the midst of large circles of friends in similar circumstances. 'I was surprised to find that they have their "Court Guide," even in New York, and that for one sixpence, there could be purchased a true and correct list of all the wealthy citizens and merchants of New York.' A peculiarity in the Yankee 'Burke,' is the statement of the fortunes of these members of the *haut ton*. The New Yorkers pay great respect to titles. That, of course, is a weakness which they share with most persons who have acquired fortune by trade. Mrs. Houstoun is of opinion that the time is not far distant when the love of trading and speculation will not be so prevalent in the United States, as it has hitherto been. She bears strong testimony to the invariable and uniform politeness of the Americans. 'Here a man is equally civil to the president of the country, and to the Irish *gentleman* who acts as his servant.' What a contrast to the selfish or haughty impertinence of Englishmen abroad! The American devotion to women is chivalrous. A young and pretty girl may travel alone, with perfect safety, from Maine to Missouri, and will meet with nothing but respect and attention the whole way. 'It is my firm conviction,' adds the author, 'that if ever chivalry and courtesy to women are entirely laughed away, or banished from our part of the world, they will take refuge among the sons of the Union.' That excellent trait would alone counterbalance half the minor immoralities with which cousin Jonathan has been charged. At all events, American courtesy is, in this respect, in most pleasing contrast to English churlishness. One of many illustrative anecdotes given by Mrs. Houstoun is worth quoting. In crossing the Alleghany mountains, a stage stopped to change horses; it contained an Englishman, comfortably reclining with outstretched feet, and deep in the columns of his newspaper. The inn-keeper civilly requests him to move to the opposite seat to make room for some ladies. The gallant Englishman replies by a torrent of abusive expletives; he had engaged his place, and he would move for no man or woman either. 'Very well, sir,' said Boniface, 'just as you please; you may stay there from this to *eternity*, for what I care.' The accommodating *gentleman* found his match in the 'cute Yankee.

'Within an almost incredibly short space of time, another *stage*, which stood under a sort of open shed, was made ready for the journey, and the horses which *were* to have been attached to the carriage in which sat the unsuspecting traveller, were affixed to the vehicle; which, it was evident, was intended by the treacherous innkeeper to take its place. The passengers were already seated in it, and there still sat the "Britisher" in the enjoyment of his dignified solitude, and perfectly unconscious of the absurdity of his

position. A shout of laughter from the assembled bystanders, at length, compelled him to look up; the stage was on the very point of starting; already had the "all right!" "go-a-head!" been sung out, when perceiving that there was not a moment to be lost, the Englishman, with a degree of moral courage, for which I honoured him, jumped out of his hiding-place, with his pride in his pocket, but with a manifest confusion on his brow, and took his place in the contemned back seat, amidst screams of laughter from the crowd, who were overjoyed that the Yankee had "com 'possum" over the "Britisher." I did not envy him his drive with the "women scorned," during the tedious hours that must elapse before he could arrive at his journey's end.'

Mrs. Houstoun bears repeated testimony to the intelligence, education, temperance, and moral and religious character of the North Americans. She confirms all that previous writers have stated as to the total absence of any symptoms of native poverty. When in New England, she visited the cotton-mills at Newbury Port, which are conducted on the principle of the famous Lowell factories. She confirms, in every respect, all that has been said of the moral and intellectual character of the workers, and of the admirable working of the associative or co-operative principle. Would that our English workmen could be transported for one day to Lowell or Newbury, to learn what power for their own amelioration lies in their own hands.

The manufacture of cotton-goods is greatly on the increase. In the northern and central states, there are upwards of 1,300 manufactories, employing a capital of 30,000,000 dollars. There are nearly 1,500 woollen manufactories, in which a capital of 16,000,000 dollars is invested; and these two branches of industry alone find occupation for 100,000 human beings. Men of Lancashire and Yorkshire, 'look a head!'

A word on Pennsylvanian repudiation. Mrs. Houstoun explains that it is to the ignorant descendants of the Dutch settlers (who still adhere to their language and ancient customs), that this state is indebted for its bad reputation for honesty. 'The high-minded and respectable men in Philadelphia are very sensitive on the subject of the defalcation, and thoroughly ashamed of the act!'

Cincinnati, the capital of the West, commonly called *Porkopolis*, from the more than Hibernian prevalence of a certain quadruped, it will be remembered excited the fierce indignation of Mrs. Trollope. It will, doubtless, soothe the irritated sensibilities of that lady, to learn that 'both people and things have changed since those days, and that the improvement in their manners and habits of life has been rapid and great.'

Mrs. Houstoun seems to have been more captivated with the softer domestic manners and social refinement of the 'Southerners,' than by the descendants of 'the Pilgrim Fathers.' The hospitality, and other commendable good qualities of the Louisianians, seem even to have blinded her judgment; for though in principle she condemns slavery, she seems to us very like an apologist for its maintenance. She attempts, and we must say very superficially, to combat the opinion that slavery is injurious to the interests of the United States. 'It is,' she says, 'the main source of the wealth of the country, and

the advantages derived from it render the Northern States dependent on the South.' But all this proceeds on the ill-supported assumption that the produce of the South can alone be raised by *slave* labour. Her own citation of the self-emancipating plan of Mr. M'Donogh, of New Orleans,\* is in the nature of a refutation of the assertion that the blacks will not work without compulsion. You degrade the negro to the level of the beasts of burthen, and then, taking advantage of his degradation, you will keep him in slavery because he has not the motives to free industry! In Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Missouri, slavery, as Mrs. Houstoun and the slave-owners admit, is now a pecuniary evil, and the states are anxious to get rid of it. How long is it since these very states used the argument of the planters of Louisiana, that free labour is impossible? American slavery may, and doubtless will, concentrate itself in Louisiana and Texas—thereby hastening the work of abolition, by increasing the danger of an appalling domestic convulsion upon which the slave-owners *now* tremble.† Mrs. Houstoun tells us that the slaves are, for the most part, kindly treated; so are horses, and for the same reason; but she admits, at the same time, that they are kept in the profoundest ignorance and irreligion. And yet, forsooth, the planters contend that free labour is an impossibility! While we admit the truth of her statement of the inhuman treatment of the coloured population by the free states, we cannot accept her opinion that the abolition cry is hollow, and used for mere party purposes. Juster and more generous views are gaining ground in America, beneath which the antipathies of race will die away. Mrs. Houstoun has too obviously received her inspiration from self-interested sources to have her opinion taken without some question. We are, however, glad to receive her evidence as proof of the success of the Liberian scheme of the American Colonization Society.

Mrs. Houstoun gives a very graphic account of her trip to Texas. What a strange picture it is of the 'rough-and-ready' ways of the settlers and their habits. While located at the Tremont, at Galveston, the author's party were visited by Mr. ex-President Jones, of the then newly States-annexed republic, by the ex-chargé-d'affaires to France, and by the English minister. The reception of these dignitaries was rough and ready; for, as the apartment boasted of but two rush-bottomed chairs, the ex-president seated himself on a travelling-trunk, the chargé-d'affaires chose the foot of the bed, and the representative

\* The letter, which is printed in the Appendix to the second volume, deserves perusal, though it is well calculated to surprise the English reader, by its strange admixture of religious pretence with professed love for dollars invested in human flesh and blood.

† 'The Oregon question was creating intense interest when the author was at New Orleans. The planters and slave-owners were seemingly alarmed at the prospect of a war with England, from the foolish, selfish fear that our Government should land black troops from the West Indies, to incite the slaves to revolt. The blacks, especially on the plantations, are in such a vast majority in proportion to the numbers of the white men, that the effect of insubordination would be disastrous.'—*Hesperos*, vol. ii. p. 91.

of England seated his dignified person on a three-legged stool. 'No man,' said Talleyrand, 'is hero to his valet-de-chambre'—the hero-worship of statesmen by ministers must, at times, be doubtful. The conversation had turned on the Texan president, Houston, the conqueror of Santa Anna:—

'Many interesting anecdotes were told of him—anecdotes which would, I dare say, have impressed me with a greater degree of respect for the dignity of the man, as president of an independent republic, had not the ex-Parisian chargé-d'affaires allowed us to penetrate a *little* too far behind the scenes. It was after dinner, otherwise the diplomatist would not, in all probability, have been thrown so much off his guard; but after repeating to us some really remarkable expressions used, and opinions delivered, by General Houston, he destroyed the effect of all by adding, "I shared his bed with him, you know, and, as he was fond of talking, the president often told me at night a good many of his secrets, and kept me awake sometimes for hours when I wanted to go to sleep."'

Galveston is the resort of a very miscellaneous set of sharp-witted adventurers. Mine host of the Tremont seems to have had an especial dread of 'hard-up Yankees.' The following anecdote is characteristic:—

'Our landlord told us of an individual of this description, who had one morning, long before the breakfast-hour, poked his knife-like countenance into the large dining-room of the Tremont, and called a "boy." He was a traveller, evidently from the Northern States, and was attired in a green blanket-coat, and an unmistakeably Yankee hat. "I say," he called out, "what's to pay here for breakfast?" The waiter named the sum. "And how much for dinner?" "Half a dollar."—"And supper, how much do you expect to get for that?" Having received the reply, and ascertained that the meal called *supper* was the cheapest to be had for money, the provident Yankee laid down his hat, seated himself at the table, and delivered his orders: "Well, I expect *that's* what I want. I say, you 'coon-faced' fellow (to an Irishman who stood awaiting his desire) bring me some supper, and look alive!"'

There can be little doubt that, at some future time, Texas will become one of the wealthiest states of the Union. The greater part of this beautiful country is still uncultivated; but American energy will soon reclaim the wilderness, and people its glorious prairies.

Our author is far from being a profound politician; she has not even arrived at a knowledge of the distinction between the impossibility of social equality, and the necessity of political equality, in a free state. For these reasons, we pass in silence over her political disquisitions, and her very flippant account of political persons, places, and things at Washington.

But, if she is a bad politician, she is an excellent word-painter. Her powers of description are graphic and varied. The sublime crash of waters at stupendous Niagara, the Rhine-like natural scenery of the Hudson, the mountain beauties of the Alleghanies, the mighty flood of Mississippi, the bayous of Louisiana, and the rolling prairies of Texas, are sketched in a style equally charming and impressive.

*The Uncle's Legacy. A Novel.* By John Berry Torr, Esq. Three Vols. London: T. C. Newby.

THIS, we believe, is a first venture in the literature of fiction. As a work of art, it has many beauties, and several faults; but as a whole, it is most creditable to the taste and talent of the author. The story is somewhat complicated, and seems as if the author had not sufficiently preconceived the plot. It wants proportion, and occasionally breadth; but it is interesting, and the interest is kept up throughout. Some of the characters are boldly and well drawn; others are clever sketches, which might easily have been worked out. The author's forte is description; he has introduced some charming little sketches of quiet English scenes. The squirarchy of England have received some well-merited castigation from Mr. Torr's lively pen. A high moral tone pervades the work, which is something rare in the modern school of fiction. Want of constructiveness is the leading defect of the work. Should Mr. Torr, in the leisure of graver studies, find opportunity for further efforts in this branch of literature, we feel assured, from the evidence of latent ability afforded in these pages, that he is capable of achieving a much higher success.

---

*Mina: a Tale of the Days of Nero, and the Early Christians.* By the Rev. Andrew Ross, of the United Presbyterian Church, Pitcairn. London: Partridge and Oakley.

A RELIGIOUS novel is now rather a rarity in the literary world. It was always, indeed, somewhat of a monster of equivocal birth. In most of the productions bearing the character, the elements of religion and fiction were rather united than harmonized. The writers were afraid of giving themselves full scope; and in the attempt to satisfy at once the religious and the novel-reading public, they ignominiously broke down. Hence, by and by, the very name carried with it a degree of nausea; and our prudent popularity-hunters began to print their religion and their fiction in separate tomes: showing how shallow the junction had always been.

It were an equivocal compliment, after this, to claim for Mr. Ross's 'Mina' the character of a religious novel. Let us say of it, however, that it has sought to baptize a regular and interesting story into the spirit and genius of Christianity, and with no little success. He has not sprinkled his tale merely with drops of Christianity, but—Pedobaptist though he be—has plunged it all into the pure and blessed stream.

The first merit of any novel is interest; the second, depiction of character; the third, vividness and *vraisemblance* of manners; the fourth, spirited dialogue; and the fifth, style. Now, in many, if not all of those respects, Mr. Ross has succeeded admirably. His story possesses much interest; the first and the last sections of it never flag; about the middle, indeed, he falls into a moralizing vein—and this part is undoubtedly the weak point of the book. What have discussions,

however excellent, about infidelity, drunkenness, Byron and Shelley, to do with the story of 'Mina,' or the fate of the early Christians? Mr. Ross has here split upon Pollok's rock, who allows the great assize itself to stand still, till he has emptied himself, and his note-book, of a number of pet descriptions of good and bad characters, who are all the while trembling before the eternal bar. We call upon our author to expunge this part from his next edition; or if he must retain it, let it be in foot notes or an appendix.

Mr. Ross depicts character well. Paul, indeed, is not so powerfully painted as he ought to have been; that subtlest and sincerest, smallest and greatest, least fluent and most eloquent of men, is but feebly drawn. But where, and how can our author have got such a profound glimpse into the heart and nature of Nero, the Belial of the 'infernal series' of Roman Emperors? To represent him adequately, was one of the most difficult of tasks, and is here admirably and easily accomplished.

To make the manners of a past age at once true to reality and vivid to view, is a great artistic difficulty. It is easy to construct and piece together an accurate skeleton, but to make the dry bones live requires the breath of genius. Mr. Ross, so far as we dare decide on such a question, is severely accurate in his antiquarianism; and, at the same time, has communicated much of a living glow to his various figures. His dialogue, too, is lively and dramatic; his style is free, yet classical;—if never overwhelming or tempestuous, it is graceful, natural, and vigorous.

Altogether, we can promise to our readers, what we have ourselves enjoyed, some very pleasant hours in the perusal of 'Mina.' She is a genuine daughter of God, clad at once in the graces of literature, and in the beauties of holiness. We do not mean to rank this book with Valerius and Salathiel; but, as a first production—written, too, by one who is fully and faithfully occupied in the duties of a laborious profession, as displaying much knowledge of the period, very considerable skill in the art of story-telling, besides a great amount of good sense, piety, and talent—we deem it worthy of all acceptance. We add only one extract as a specimen of the style.

'It was said by one long ago, "I am never less alone than when alone." There are very many who cannot adopt this sentiment as in unison with their experience. In retirement they feel *self* to be an intolerable burden, and pine and groan in an atmosphere of dense and deadening melancholy. There is emptiness within, and want of interest without; and they only breathe with some measure of freedom when they are brought into contact or fellowship with their kind. It is only in such circumstances that they display anything like elasticity of spirit, or appear susceptible of enjoyment. Men of this temperament may be regarded as intellectually and morally diseased. They are for the most part either persons grossly ignorant, or incompetent to learn anything from the past, or from the study of themselves in private.

'But there are very many who can adopt the sentiment, "I am never less alone than when alone"—men who have to some degree cultivated their faculties, and formed a loving acquaintance with the mighty dead—men who have led an active and useful life—men who have passed observingly through a great variety of providences—men who have drunk into the spirit of our simple

and sublime Christianity. The list might, perhaps, be considerably enlarged; but all the classes of persons indicated, when apart from their brethren, are not deprived of interesting and instructive companions. They are frequently much more engaged, and carried far higher aloft on the wings of joyousness, than they would be in any other conceivable situation. He who in the silence of his chamber meets with the most illustrious of his race, and calmly and intelligently listens to their burning and searching words of genius and wisdom, is not alone. He who recalls to the existing moment the energy of young strength, and its continued outgoings to meet duties demanded, and its brave victories achieved suddenly by concentrated power, or by its more patient and persevering exercise, and who debates within himself of good still to be won, is not alone. He who voyages down the stream of memory, and comes freighted to the present hour with the joys, the fears, the being and substance, the vicissitudes of glimmer and gloom, of light and dark, in the strange chapter of bygone years, is not alone. He who communes with an unscen and eternal God in his shut closet, on the moor, or on the mountain, far remote from the Babel of the world, is not alone. He who is accustomed to question his own soul, and all things within the sphere of her observation, how can he ever be alone? How can it be otherwise than true that he is "never less alone than when alone?"

'The man of active mind was never alone, however unscholastic his culture, however secluded his position. When separated from the communion of his fellows, he seeks and he finds companionship more or less inviting everywhere; and even if in no mood to seek or find companionship, things unbidden and sometimes unwelcomed are forward to visit him. The solitary outpost sentinel, as he slowly and cautiously treads his drear and dangerous round, has with him the whole body of the real enemy, and sometimes many imaginary enemies besides—he is not alone. The sailor boy, as he keeps his watch on the top of the giddy mast, is conversing with his anxious mother, and patting the chin of his little fair-haired sister, Mary—he is not alone. The prisoner, fettered in the deep and loathsome dungeon, had Hope to cheer him till she waxed pale and died; and he would have died too, but a spider came to his relief and bade him live, and now—he is not alone.'—Pp. 107, 108.

---

*Logic; or, the Art of Thinking: being the Port-Royal Logic.* Translated from the French. With an Introduction. By Thomas Spencer Baynes. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

It is surprising that this famous production, which did so much to revive and popularize dialectics in continental Europe, has received so little attention in England. We are glad to see a good translation of this work in a popular form, and under the auspices of a philosopher so profound, and scholar so accomplished, as Sir William Hamilton. For some years, there has been rather a strong prejudice against the art of reasoning, contemptuously described as 'Scholastic Logic.' This is one of the erratic flights of opinion that cannot endure. There are now many signs of a broader revival of logical studies, and of a desire to popularize them. The acute mind of Thomas De Quincy has been directed to the subject, and he has, in an able manner, commenced a defence and popular exposition of the Aristotelian logic in the pages of 'Hogg's Weekly Instructor.' Mr. Baynes's faithful translation of the Port-Royal logic will contri-

bute to the accurate study of this most important branch of knowledge. Logic has been too much neglected in popular education; and to the want of instruction in this element of knowledge, is, doubtless, to be attributed the hasty adoption of dangerous fallacies and plausible doctrines. Your flippant philosophers condemn 'scholastic logic' because it fails to 'discover truth,' forgetting its value as a means of detecting error.

The Port-Royal logic was produced at a very interesting period in the history of mental progress. Leibnitz and Descartes had opened up new paths and infused a new spirit into philosophy. Reason was freeing herself from the trammels of authority. But logic had fallen into neglect. The puerilities and the quibbles of the schoolmen had degraded it. It remained for Antony Arnauld, a man worthy of the high eulogium of Boileau, as 'le plus sçavant mortel qui jamais ait écrit,' to reanimate the decaying form of logic. His love of truth and freedom, and intrepidity which inspired him to brave the thunders of the Sorbonne and the Vatican, and the displeasure of an absolute and unscrupulous monarch, are present in the remarkable work now before us. When his forty quartos of polemics are forgotten, the elementary treatises of Antoine Arnauld, on grammar, geometry, and logic, will live as evidence of his penetrating mind, and of the large aid he contributed to the diffusion of a more enlightened philosophy. He brought to the examination of the science the spirit of inquiry and power of analysis, which had been so successfully employed in other branches of philosophy. Casting aside what was useless, he added much that was new. He gave to it, too, 'a freshness and variety of illustration, an honesty and love of truth, and, withal, a human sympathy, which rendered it a work—not of specific scientific value, but of general interest and instruction.' Among the special excellences of the Port-Royal logic, may be named the prominence which the doctrine of method for the first time received, the discrimination of ideas in relation to their quality and quantity, and the demonstration given of the special rules of syllogism, and the reduction of their general laws to a single principle. It may possibly be objected that many of the illustrations are drawn from Arnauld's own theological opinions, and, consequently, that the work is unfit for Protestant hands. But as Mr. Baynes justly remarks, 'Your bane and antidote are both before you—the instrument of all reasoning is in your hands—' through it overthrow the false, confirm the true.'

---

*Friendly and Feejee Islands: a Missionary Visit to various Stations in the South Seas in the year 1847.* By the Rev. Walter Lawry, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in New Zealand, &c. With an Appendix, containing Notices of the Political Constitution, Population, Productions, Manners, Customs, and Mythology of the People, and of the State of Religion among them. Edited by the Rev. Elijah Hoole. London: Charles Gilpin.

THIS is a useful contribution to ethnographical knowledge, of new facts and interesting social details of a remote people. But better far, it is a cheering record of gospel progress to stimulate and aid the cause of

missionary exertion, by the glad tidings it brings of the humanizing triumphs of Christianity.

The Friendly Islands—familiar, at least in name, to the English reader, from the enterprise and tragical fate of Captain Cook—comprise three groups of upwards of 150 islands of the Pacific, situated between 18° and 23° south latitude, and 173° and 176° west longitude. These islands are remarkable for their fertility, and contain a population of about 50,000. Their political constitution is despotism, supported by an hereditary aristocracy. The present king is a Christian, and a preacher of the gospel. The inhabitants are in a transition state; a code of laws is being framed, governors are appointed to the different groups, and courts of justice instituted. The first attempt to Christianize the people was made in 1797, when Captain Wilson, of the *Duff*, left ten mechanics at Hihifo, in Tong-a-tooba, in the capacity of missionaries. Several of them were some time afterwards murdered, and the survivors returned to New South Wales in 1800. In 1822, Mr. Lawry, of the Wesleyan Mission Society, arrived at Tong-a-tooba. He was for a time well treated by the people, but receiving little encouragement in his labours, he returned to New South Wales in 1825. In 1826, Messrs. Thomas and Hutchinson landed in the Friendly Islands, and commenced the study of the language, and the instruction of the people. In 1827, they were followed by other labourers; and manifestations were soon made of the success of their exertions. After an absence of twenty-five years, Mr. Lawry again visited these islands in 1847, and he has given a graphic picture of the cheering progress of the gospel. The interest of his journal is greatly heightened by the remarkable contrast he witnessed in the character and state of the people, when compared with their savage and pagan condition. The following passage is highly interesting:—

‘As to the success of our mission in the Friendly Islands, I am far from thinking that it is as great as it might have been, because I am familiar with some hindrances, which could not fail to check the great work of the Holy Spirit among this people; while, on the other hand, I am bound to record my testimony, that a great work of God is manifest on every side, and that there is much more to cheer than to discourage those who labour among the Tongans. The spirit of the people is generally open and benevolent, cheerful and happy. In their devotional exercises they are solemn and earnest, like men who think as well as feel. Their attendance is generally very good, fully equal to anything I have ever seen in the best days of Cornwall, when the Spirit was specially poured from on high. The morals of these islanders are greatly improved, not to say revolutionized. They were much given to lying and theft, to treachery and uncleanness. But now they are for the most part truthful and straightforward in what they say. I am not aware that they are a whit behind the New Zealanders in their high sense of justice and integrity; a double-dealing man is pointed at by public consent, and impurity hides itself. I speak of the general state of public morals, when I say that I have never seen the wheat so free from chaff in any part of the world as I have seen it in these islands. Of course, there are some scapegraces here as everywhere; but the Sabbath is observed as a holy day, consecrated to the Lord, and there is a conformity of heart and life to the Christianity of the New Testament, surpassing all that I have elsewhere seen, and such as it is truly gratifying to witness.’

The Feejee group is situated about 365 miles N.W. of the Friendly Islands. It comprises 154 islands; about 100 of which are inhabited. The natives are a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals. The eating of human flesh is not confined to cases of sacrifices for religious purposes, but is practised by them from habit and taste. So highly, indeed, do they esteem this food, that the greatest praise they can bestow on a delicacy is to say, 'It is as tender as a dead man.' Mr. Lawry's journal is full of horrible details of their cannibalism. The population has been estimated at 300,000. No undertaking could have appeared more hopeless than the conversion of these savages; and nothing can be more wonderful than the glorious success which the missionaries have witnessed. The mission was only established ten years ago, but the success has been so cheering, that hopes of great results are now entertained. The missionaries are now engaged in a translation of the New Testament. The following statistics will show the extent of the missionary operations at the date of the latest accounts from both groups:—

	Friendly Islands.	Feejee Islands.
Chapels . . . . .	96	37
Other preaching places . . . . .	3	23
Missionaries and Assistant Ministers	10	9
Paid Agents, Catechists, &c. . . . .	9	38
Unpaid Agents:		
Day-School Teachers . . . . .	933	117
Local Preachers . . . . .	489	68
Full and accredited Church Members	7202	1713
On trial for Membership . . . . .	82	123
Day Schools . . . . .	178	49
Day Scholars of both sexes . . . . .	7426	1960
Attendants on public worship, includ- ing Members and Scholars . . . }	9200	3828

The journal of Mr. Lawry, and the interesting appendix by Mr. Hoole, are equally worthy of perusal.

---

*Norway in 1848 and 1849.* By Thomas Forester, Esq. With Extracts from the Journals of Lieutenant M. S. Biddulph, Royal Artillery. London: Longman and Co.

WE much regret our inability to do more than glance at the contents of this valuable and elegant volume, so full of agreeable reading and varied information, and got up in a style which renders it one of the handsomest books of the season. As a picture of that strange, romantic land, which stood unshaken, nay, we may say, unruffled, during the revolutionary fear of 1848, this work cannot be spoken of too highly, for it is graphic, truthful, and discriminating; and whilst entirely free from everything like pretension, is infinitely superior to the general run of books of travel, those fruits of the now much-practised art of book-making.

It is singular, but true, that Norway, whose coast 'lies within a few

hours' sail of the northern shores of Britain,' 'is less generally known than many which are divided from it by the broad ocean.'

America is far better understood and appreciated in modern England, than the clime of those old North-men, whose influence is yet alive, whose sturdy energy yet beats in the veins of the Anglo-Saxon race. Our travellers too generally wend their way to fashionable continental lounges, where English dissipation, intensified, and clad in more fascinating garbs, may be enjoyed on easy and economical terms, instead of hunting out the developments of a purer and less arbitrary social life which are to be found in those serener regions, where man, less the devotee of art and helot of passion, retains more of the primitive simplicity of the child of nature.

Notwithstanding the publication of the valuable works of Mr. Laing and Mr. R. G. Latham, the former in 1836, and the latter in 1840, there was ample space left for the production of a book on the scenery, the manners, customs, social life and political institutions, and government of Norway.

We have long been of opinion that Norway, though nominally a poor, would, if fairly contemplated by the student of social science, be found to possess a wealth, not always indicated by the shows and pomps of a mere external civilization,—for the real wealth of nations consists in a free and wide diffusion of the elements of peace, happiness, and security—in the maintenance of a nice and equitable balance between existing wants and the supply provided for them, the non-existence of a sense of unredressed wrongs,—the sting of hourly endured sufferings and privations, and, above all, the prevalence of a general, deeply-rooted consciousness of the beneficent influence and workings of those arrangements and institutions to which each citizen is called upon to conform.

It appears to us that one of the greatest errors into which the friends of our modern civilization fall, is that of supposing that because a large amount of material splendour adorns a country, because luxuries are abundant, and commerce each year widens her sweep of enterprise, and enlarges her coffers, that, therefore, such country is in the noblest sense rich, prosperous, and dignified. For if such riches bless but the few, and monopolies and restrictions, of any kind, deprive the many of a full and fair participation in the blessings of refinement and abundance—if, whilst to the hundreds is vouchsafed contentment, to the millions is awarded but the sense of wrong which rankles, and the hope deferred, which maketh sick the heart—a nation, however nominally mighty—though its bank cellars are stored with bullion, and its exports extend as the months roll away, is absolutely poor, weak, and declining, and must in time fall below the level of less hampered lands. For instance, would America be prosperous and powerful, as she most unquestionably is, were a mere handful of privileged nabobs allowed to conserve a monopoly of the soil, in the teeth of the claims of justice, and in utter disregard of the needs and interests of an increasing population?

We have no space to follow Mr. Forester through his most spirited narrative, nor can we extract as freely as we could desire from the

manly and well-timed observations and reflections with which the work abounds. One or two passages, however, we must commend to the notice of our readers, for they are so full of suggestiveness, and bear so directly on one of the most vital of the social questions at present agitating the mind of nations.

Our author remarks,—

‘England may learn from Norway the great moral lesson which her social condition teaches. The absence of any very marked disparity in wealth or position among the people of Norway is not only the source of her social welfare, but the basis on which the permanence of her political institutions rests.’

Again, our author contends that,—

‘In a free country property cannot be accumulated in a few hands, and political power confined to certain privileged classes, without exciting envy in the masses daily growing in intelligence, and coveting material and political advancement. Nor can a state of society be considered healthy, in which the upper and middle ranks are enjoying, in the fruits of wealth, an exuberance of luxury and comfort, such as perhaps has never before fallen to the lot of any nation, while large sections of the population are either entirely destitute of the means of subsistence, or earn them by a degree of unremitting toil to which probably no other race of freemen has ever submitted.’

This is good, plain, wholesome truth. The man who feels thus soundly, and gives frank and fearless utterance to his inmost thoughts, is well entitled to the sympathy and respect of his forward-looking contemporaries.

One more extract, and we have done :—

‘If the rights of property are to be preserved, and the claims of station respected, if the dangers that threaten our social and political organization are to be averted, the crisis must be met by timely and voluntary concessions. The selfish and exclusive tone, too prevalent among many of the higher and wealthier classes, must be abated; a feeling of mutual good-will must be sedulously nourished; and efforts, both public and private, must be made on a much larger scale than any that have been yet originated, to ameliorate the condition of the great mass of the population, to foster well-regulated habits of independence, and to extend the benefits of sound moral and intellectual training; in short, to give to those large sections of the people, which now seem excluded from its pale, a real membership in the body corporate. There must ever be, in every human society, inequalities of means, of station, of intelligence. But the vital Christian principle of the equality of all men before God being recognised, it involves a distinct right in every well-conditioned member of the community to due personal consideration, and to such substantial benefits as will prove to him that his interests are not neglected, and that his individual welfare forms a unit in the sum of the national prosperity.’

In point of information, of literary ability and artistic skill, and liberality of sentiment, this is one of the most valuable works we ever had the good fortune to peruse.

## Literary Intelligence.

### MINOR NOTICES.—WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

‘Historical Memoirs of Cardinal Pacca, Prime Minister to Pius VII.’  
Written by himself. Translated from the Italian, by Sir George  
Head, Author of ‘Rome; a Tour of Many Days.’ Two Vols.  
London: Longman and Co.

‘Logic; or, the Art of Thinking: being the Port-Royal Logic.’  
Translated from the French. With an Introduction. By Thomas  
Spencer Baynes. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

‘The Village Notary; a Romance of Hungarian Life.’ Translated  
from the Hungarian of Baron Eötvös, by Otto Wenckstern. With  
Introductory Remarks by Francis Pulszky. Three Vols. London:  
Longman and Co.

[We hope to be able to do justice to this remarkable work next month.]

‘The Privy Council and the National Society. The Question concern-  
ing the Management of Church of England Schools stated and  
examined.’ By Henry Parr Hamilton, M.A., F.R.S., late Fellow  
of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of Wath, and Rural Dean.  
London: John W. Parker.

[The author contends that there is nothing in the ‘Orders in Council’  
which precludes the government from imposing management clauses as  
the condition of a grant. He defends the clauses as securing the effi-  
ciency of Church schools, as violating no engagement, direct or implied,  
with the Church, and as giving practical effect to the terms of union  
with the National Society.]

‘Hints on Church Colonization.’ By James Cecil Wynter, M.A.,  
Rector of Gatton. London: John W. Parker.

[Mr. Wynter maintains that the Anglican Church must extend her pa-  
rental affection to the colonies, or perish. He reviews the conduct of  
the Church, as ‘not even a blank page, but one blurred and scored with  
a succession of injuries, wrongs, the most pitiable lukewarmness—in-  
sults even in relation to the American colonies,’ and towards the colonies  
of the South. He condemns the ‘old rotten good-for-nothing fallacy  
of attempting to plant episcopacy without a bishop.’ Assuming that  
the self-government of the colonies is a contingency neither very im-  
probable nor remote, the Rector of Gatton concludes that ecclesiastical  
self-government must follow as a necessary corollary and right. ‘The  
laws suitable for an ancient Church in an old country will hardly agree  
with the wants and circumstances of an infant Church in a new  
country. The Church possesses, and should be allowed to exercise, a  
power to expand and conform itself to various exigencies as its own

position varies and expands. It should elect its own bishops ; draw up its own canons of practice and discipline ; in a word, regulate its own internal economy in the colonies where its work is to be carried on and perfected ; otherwise it cannot colonize itself.']

'The Principles of Wesleyan Methodism, ascertained by Historical Analysis, and defended by Scripture and Reason. An Essay adapted to the present Time.' By James H. Rigg, Wesleyan Minister. London: Partridge and Oakey.

[Mr. Rigg holds Wesleyan Methodism to be 'a national peculiarity, a grand religious notability, an Anglo-Saxon glory, a system of world-wide reach and influence.' In the present agitation, he believes the Conference to be right. In the present essay he defends that opinion; in the first place, by a historical analysis of the growth and development of Methodism; and secondly, by an examination of its fundamental and peculiar principles. He treats the first division of the subject under three heads:—1. The Mutual Relations and Rights of the Ministry and Laity in Methodism, from the earliest period downwards; and particularly as ascertained and settled by the regulations of 1797 and of 1835 respectively.—2. The Mutual Rights of the Circuits and of the Conference, in regard to legislative enactment, with especial reference to the Circuits' right of memorial, as conceded in 1797, and particularly defined and regulated in 1835.—3. The Appellate Jurisdiction of Conference and the District Committees. In the second part he discusses: 1. The Ministerial Prerogative, as fixed by Scripture and defined by Wesleyan Methodism. 2. The Legislative and Administrative Supremacy of Conference. 3. The Constitution of Conference. Mr. Rigg's little work will be of service in indicating the points at issue in the present controversy.]

'War; Religiously, Morally, and Historically considered.' By P. F. Aiken, Advocate. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

[This essay, we are told, was read before the Bristol Athenæum. The author is an admirer of the Scottish general who, before leading his soldiers to battle, laconically remarked, 'My lads, there is the enemy; and if ye don't kill them, they will kill you.' In this spirit Mr. Aiken refers to the true-hearted men who have suffered so much for liberty during the last two years; for speaking mysteriously of 'alarming conspiracies,' and so forth, in the true 'Times' style, he congratulates Bristol and the world, that 'the Continental nations have been preserved *by means of their armies*.' Athenæum of Bristol, what a treasure hast thou found! Let the Peace Society forthwith fortify itself against the attacks of this terrible Don Quixote.]

'The Protectionist Unmasked: an Argument for Reform.' Published with the sanction of the Clerkenwell Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association. London: Effingham Wilson.

[A well-written, able, and seasonable pamphlet. It contains many curious and startling historical facts relative to the pension-list, especially in reference to the sums of money which this country has paid to the bastard descendants of Charles the Second. Will it be credited that the national debt of England has been augmented to the

extent of half a million for the purchase of the Sussex estates of the Duke of Richmond—of Richmond, the descendant of the courtesan La Querouaille, minion of Louis of France, and mistress of Charles of England? The writer has ably exposed the hollow, jobbing patriotism of the third duke, and placed the protection champion of our day—arch-protectionist of abuse, on a very unenviable notoriety.]

‘The Christian Emigrant.’ By J. Leifchild, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

[We can very cordially recommend this work to all Christians who contemplate emigrating to our colonies, as well calculated to instruct and edify them whilst executing the arduous task of forming new associations, and braving the difficulties of new and untried scenes. There is danger, alas! but too much danger, of the emigrant giving way before the obstacles and temptations which will necessarily beset him when removed from the associations which have influenced him from his youth, and forgetting his relations and responsibility to God amid the cares and excitements of his new-found home; and hence we gladly welcome every attempt to inform, to guide, to restrain him, by keeping alive within the heavenly light of faith and piety, and constraining him to still nurse the convictions and aspirations in reference to things spiritual and eternal, which were implanted and matured in that far-off land, where his first breath was drawn, and his first prayer breathed. Without the smallest share of pretension, the little work before us abounds with matter which must prove useful, both in a social and spiritual point of view, to the parties more directly addressed, and we should be glad to believe that every Christian wanderer in the wilderness of foreign climes was attended by so valuable and moralizing a guide.]

‘Mons. Guizot; or, Democracy, Oligarchy, and Monarchy.’ By C. Lælius. London: Charles Fox.

[A reply to M. Guizot’s vigorous attempt to place true liberalism in a false position.]

‘Crime and Punishment; or, the Question, How should we Treat our Criminals? practically considered.’ By R. Hovenden. London: Charles Gilpin.

[A work pervaded by a humane and eminently Christian spirit, which claims the careful and earnest study of all friends of the cause of a *corrective*, as opposed to a *vindictive* treatment of offenders.]

‘The True End of Education, and the Means adapted to it.’ By Margaret Thornley. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

[To the merits of this book we hope to do justice in an early article on the delicate but momentous subject of ‘Female Education.’]

‘The Holly Tree: a Winter Gift of Original Prose and Poetry.’ By George E. and Myra Sargent. London: Benjamin L. Green.

[We are sorry we overlooked this very neatly got-up and interesting little volume in our last month’s notices, for it deserves a wide circulation, and will prove a useful and valued present to young persons.]

- ‘Reason and Faith: their Claims and Conflicts.’ By Henry Rogers. London: Longman and Co.
- [An article, containing some good points, reprinted from ‘The Edinburgh Review’ for October, 1849.]
- ‘Brightness and Beauty; or, The Religion of Christ.’ Affectionately commended to the young. By the Rev. Edward Mannering. London: Religious Tract Society.
- [An earnest appeal to the young in favour of that piety which each Christian parent must seek to develop in the minds and hearts of the young.]
- ‘Oceanus; or, a Peaceful Progress o’er the unpathed Sea.’ By Mrs. David Osborne. London: Longman and Co.
- [A most instructive and elegant present for the young, which parents and teachers will find both amusing and instructive to their children or pupils.]
- ‘Israel after the Flesh: the Judaism of the Bible separated from its Spiritual Religion.’ By William Henry Johnstone, M.A. London: John W. Parker.
- ‘The Inner Life: its Nature, Relapse, and Recovery.’ By Octavius Winslow. London: John Farquhar Shaw.
- ‘The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. Part II. London: Longman and Co.
- [Fully equal to the first part—a commendatory notice of which appeared in our last number.]
- ‘The Germ; or, Thoughts towards Nature,—in Poetry, Literature, and Art.’ Nos. 1 and 2. London: Aylott and Jones.
- [A periodical started, we suspect, by a band of young devotees of art. It contains much which is praiseworthy, and the illustrations, more particularly the etching by James Collinson, are exceedingly well executed.]
- ‘The Path of the Just: a Sketch of the History and Character of the late Mr. Joseph Ling, of Holloway.’ By A. J. Morris. London: John Gladding.
- [Belongs to a style of pulpit address we would gladly see more generally adopted. Sadly, indeed, does the modern pulpit lack the naturalness which is one of the most important elements of strength.]
- ‘Voices from the Garden; or, the Christian Language of Flowers.’ London: Partridge and Oakey.
- [For the most part too prosaic in construction to be called poetry, though pervaded by a truly moral and religious purpose.]
- ‘Faith and Virtue; or, Christian Manhood.’ By James Matheson, B.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
- [We hail this lecture as another proof that a broader and more comprehensive view of ministerial duty is now taken by our rising pastors.]
- ‘Lays of the Revolutions; and other Poems.’ By the Rev. John Jeffrey. London: W. S. Orr and Co.
- [The love of freedom and right breathing through these poems, is so

truly genial, and to our minds so fascinating, that we cannot really muster courage to point out the poetical deficiencies which, were we disposed to play the parts of heartless critics, might be detected in the volume before us.]

‘The Senses of the Mind.’ London: Religious Tract Society.

[A very useful little work, forming a portion of the ‘Monthly Series,’ now in course of publication by the Tract Society.]

‘Modern Astronomy.’ By the Rev. J. R. Birks, A.M. London: Religious Tract Society.

‘The Relations of Faith and Philosophy.’ By Professor Henry B. Smith. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

‘An Essay on the Temptations of Christ in the Wilderness.’ London: Ward and Co.

‘The Christian Journal.’ Conducted by Ministers and Members of the United Presbyterian Church, January 1850. Glasgow: Robert Jackson. London: Ward and Co.

[The multiplication of periodicals has our hearty approval. There cannot be too many of them, if under judicious management and advocating Christian principles. This is a resurrection of an able and long-tried advocate of every thing enlarged, liberal, and good. It has been slumbering in the arms of the ‘United Secession Magazine’ for the last three years,—since the union of the Relief and Secession Churches; and it now comes forth as if refreshed by its repose. As the organ of the Relief Church, it had been prior to *the union* ably conducted, and had a great influence in promoting the ecclesiastical changes in Scotland, which have been so important. When, three years since, it merged into ‘the United Secession Magazine,’ we know that its withdrawal was regretted by the best friends of periodical literature. It now appears with no schismatic purpose, but for the purpose of meeting the wants of the general mind, while promoting the special interests of the denomination with which its conductors are connected. If this number be a proper specimen of what will follow, the journal will be worthy of all praise. It is fully equal to what it was in the days of other years, when among religious periodicals it was almost a ‘*pattern one*.’ It is an excellent specimen of almost every thing desirable in a religious periodical. It has our best wishes and commendations. We may add that the second number, which has come to hand since the above was written, is fully equal to the first.]

‘Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.’ No. 6. London: Ward and Co.

[Like its predecessors, this number contains some very agreeable and useful reading.]

‘The Total Abolition of the Death Penalty defended.’ By William Newton. London: Charles Gilpin.

[Here we have another well-aimed stroke at the old, tottering gibbet, which will help to hasten its much wished-for fall.]

- 'Thoughts on Self-Culture.' Addressed to Women. By Maria G. Grey, and her Sister (Emily Shirreff). London: Edward Moxon.
  - 'Impressions of Central and Southern Europe.' By William Edward Baxter. London: Longman and Co.
  - 'Norway in 1848 and 1849.' By Thomas Forester, Esq. London: Longman and Co.
  - 'The History of Ancient Art among the Greeks.' Translated from the German of John Winckelmann. By G. Henry Lodge. London: John Chapman.
  - 'Recent Highland Ejections considered. In Five Letters. By the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan. London: Johnstone and Hunter.
  - 'National Education for Scotland, practically considered; with Notices of certain recent Proposals on that Subject.' By James Begg, D.D. London: Johnstone and Hunter.
  - 'National Education in Scotland: viewed in its Present Condition, its Prospects, and its Possibilities. By the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, LL.D. London: Johnstone and Hunter.
  - 'Is Puseyism a Denial of the Sacrifice of Christ?' London: G. Blight.
  - 'The Universalist.' Nos. I. and II. London: H. K. Lewis.
  - 'The Vegetarian Messenger.' Part I. London: William Horsell; and Fred. Pitman.
  - 'The Angel World, and other Poems.' By Philip James Bailey, Author of 'Festus.' London: W. Pickering.
  - 'Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics.' Original and Translated. By Denis Florence M'Carthy. Dublin: James M'Glashan.
  - 'A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings.' Edited by Edward Harston, M.A., Vicar of Tamworth. London: Longman and Co.
  - 'The Countess of Huntingdon's New Magazine.' Nos. 1 and 2. London: Partridge and Oakey.
  - 'The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for January and February, 1850.' London: John Mason.
  - 'The Domestic Economist, and Adviser in every Branch of the Family Establishment.' Conducted by George W. Johnson, Esq. London: W. S. Orr and Co.
- [Will be found of the greatest use by every housekeeper, whether experienced or inexperienced. Every page teems with information, both sound and varied. We heartily recommend it to our readers.]
- 'The Reformer.' Edited by 'The Norwich Operative.' No. 2. February. London: Jarrold and Sons.

---

*Literary Notice.*

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of a complete set of the works of the Rev. Professor Maurice, which circumstances have hitherto prevented our noticing. We hope, however, to do ample justice to these striking productions, either in our number for April, or for May.